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NO. XXXIV. OCTOBER, 1886. VOL. III.

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DR. C. M. INGLEBY—DIED 26TH SEPT.

I have just learned from Mr. Timmins of the death of Dr. Ingleby. The news comes with a shock. Although we all knew that for the last year or two his health was infirm, we none of us supposed that he was lying in a desperate bed, or that the end was drawing near thus swiftly.

The leaves of his *Cymbeline* still wear their newest gloss, and the commendatory notes of welcome to it from literary journals have not yet ceased.

The loss to Shakespearian criticism is great. Dr. Ingleby's retentive memory gave him ready control of the learning gathered from extensive reading, while his habits of precise logical expression aided and subdued his poetic fancy. To an unusual degree he was a many sided man—an excellent musician, and eminent in Metaphysics and in Mathematics. I well remember the cordial admiration with which one of the most celebrated Mathematicians of our day, spoke of a solution by Dr. Ingleby of a problem that had proved to all others too intrinsecate to unloose.

But these qualities and achievements lie outside of the province in which we all followed and admired him. The principles of criticism enunciated in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics* cannot be too closely laid to heart by all students; and by his *Centurie of Prayse* he has earned the gratitude of all lovers of Shakespeare, at home and abroad, for many a long year to come. Never was there a man more ready than he to give of his best to all who applied to him for literary aid and comfort.

Deep and broad is, and will remain, this gap in our great feast.

H. H. F.

12th October, 1886.

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SHAKESPEARE IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

In the empire of Literature, Shakespeare rules alone. No other poet has so quickened the human mind. No classics are worthier than his to be permanent text books in our literary institutions. None ministers such varied development to all the mental powers.

Let us first consider Shakespeare as a school-reading book for advanced classes. Reading is a fine art, but if it do not voice the *soul*, it is a mere mechanical art. No force of will, no painstaking can raise it above that level. A clear, flexible, musical voice, distinct articulation, pauses nicely adjusted and skilful inflexions may make one a perfect *mechanical* reader, but is such vocalizing good reading? What is it, but a mill so grinding its grist of words as to crush out the soul in them, leaving their corpses laid out upon the lips of the elocutionary undertaker. There can be no good reading, of that, in which the reader takes no vital interest, and other things being equal, the deeper the interest the better the reading. If the words read are the reader's pulses, if in his tones you feel his heart beat, your's will throb too.

A keen relish of the subject matter read, its pithiness, wit, rythm, beauty and force, is indispensible to all really fine reading. By a month's practice in such reading, one would improve incomparably more than plodding a life time through worlds of words that touch not this life.

Shakespeare as a reading book in schools would, under a competent teacher, excite in the pupil a vivid interest, and hold it unflagging to the end. No other bears so triumphantly the test of the recitation room. Other books grow dull upon re-reading, and frequently intolerable, if often read. Shakespeare never tires, and if the pupil be appreciative, his zest increases at each reading.

Finally, no other book furnishes such ample means for vocal culture, nor such incentives and aids to natural and impressive reading.

II. Advantages of Shakespeare as a study.

First. It is our best model of idiomatic English, the staunchest bulwark of our grand old Saxon, beating back the floods that threaten to whelm it.

Nothing would so withstand the rush into our language of vapid,

foreign dilutions, as a baptism into Shakespeare's terse, crisp, sinewy Saxon.

Second. While the study of Shakespeare keeps thought hard pushed, its difficulties attract and stimulate rather than dishearten.

Though often taxing the powers of the pupil, yet such is the interest excited that each knotty point proves a magnet to draw out his best thinking, and a premium to pay him for it.

Third. Of all writers, Shakespeare affords the largest scope for the analysis of language as an instrument of thought.

If language were a mere vehicle of ideas, then in using it, the chief mental exercise would be in selecting words to express them, but it is hardly less necessary to thinking than to utterance. If we do not think in words, we do not think *with* them.

What mental process can be carried on without them? How vast then the force of language, as an educator of mental power. Words are intellectual developers. They generate ideas, make them fast, —fixtures in the mind, and hold it still to contemplate and thus multiply them. Our conceptions, our logical processes, even our abstractions, give birth to ideas, only when shaped in the mould of words. Since words then, are both the symbols and inspirers of thought, inciting as well as transmitting it, the more vividly they express it, the more powerfully do they stimulate it. Such words so used are thought generators, their function is creative.

Shakespeare being pre-eminent, not only as a master of thought, but as a word master, a system of education that ignores the study of his language as a mental discipline fails in a vital point.

Fourth. The study of Shakespeare not only quickens the pupil's thinking powers, but trains him to the use of apt and telling words.

In action upon matter, two things combine in every proper instrument ; substance and form, or a fit material and a fit shape. Dough in the shape of an axe, and steel without shape are but dough and steel, the axe is wanting. So in mind as wrought out in language, the same things combine, substance and form, thought and speech. Thought without expression is life unborn, expression without thought is a birth still-born. Thought ill expressed is a born monster. Fit words not less than fitly *spoken* are apples of gold. What hands, assigned to dress and keep throughout the ages the gardens of literature, have caused to grow in them, such and so many golden apples, as those of Shakespeare. Who that has regaled his sight and taste with fruits and flowers such as his, can turn from them to those tepid dilutions, thinnest platitudes, tawdry fineries, daubed with prismatic streaks and strung with tinsel to tinkle and dazzle—those grandiloquent mouthings, misty ambiguities and mawkish sentimentalities, which, tricked out in a motley patch work ablaze with pyrotechnics, flaunt their gewgaws in our sensational literature.

Such is the marvellous mosaic of his words that each word, attracted to

the thought it reveals, seems to have dropped by gravitation into its own place. Let him who doubts this take a page of Shakespeare's and substitute for any of its words better ones of his own if he can.

The study of such works tends to form a correct taste, habits of critical analysis, a terse, vivid and graceful style, and that keen discrimination which separates the dross or strained fancies, pragmatic conceits and tinseled word painting, from the beaten gold of a sterling literature.

Fifth. Being works of transcendent imagery their appeal is incessant to the imagination, and, as every faculty plied by its appropriate stimulant gains vigor thereby, the imagination of the student, thus under the tuition of the greatest of masters must be hopelessly stolid not to profit by such training.

Besides, the relation of the imagination to the other faculties is such that their scope, grasp, hardy growth, their symmetry, poise, and point are greatly determined by the force and range of its conceptive power, which becomes thus pre-eminently their educator, beckoning them out and up,—their watchword and talisman, their badge, beacon and banner. No power of the mind performs for it so high a service as this. When wisely developed it is the standard bearer for them all. It alone buoys us from our low actuals, toward a higher possible. It comes to us where we are, points us to where we should be, and lifts and lures us along the way. Without it we should have neither ideals, nor standards of excellence in art, science, literature, or moral attainment. It is the patron of all progress, hovering over and moving before us, our pillar of cloud, our pillar of fire, uplifted ever, and spanning our vision with its bow of promise and of hope. Without it life would slug itself away stifled in the miasms of its own stagnation,

Such being the special function of the imagination, its training and general culture become of vast moment in education.

What can minister to the pupils' powers of conception such training and discipline as the study of Shakespeare under a direction instinct with his spirit and roundly in earnest. But the works of Shakespeare are not merely those of the imagination, he was was pre-eminently a thinker. Thoughts the deepest, keenest, wittiest, the most far-reaching and myriad-phrased glow on every page.

He is the greatest of dramatists, and poets, the greatest of wits, humorists and literary artists, the most profound in his æsthetic intuitions, the most original and subtile of mental analysts—*too* profound, as well as too simple and true, to parade the machinery of philosophy, or be lavish of its technics; so acute as a metaphysician that the delicacy of his dissections, sometimes escapes the scrutiny of his ablest commentators, baffling the skill of even Pope, Arbuthnot, and Dr. Johnson. May I not add to this that Shakespeare was also the wisest of sages. Does he not give us more lessons of practical wisdom and fraught with deeper meaning in the conduct of life, than ever fell

from any lips save his of whom astonished crowds declared "Never man spake like this man." Shunning the formalities of scholastic logic, its elaborate methods and techincs, he yet inwrought its very gist through his works,—not logic as an art with its routine and formulæ, but those principles which an analysis of the art reveals. None of its terms are in his nomenclature, but the laws of thought that underlie them are presupposed throughout.

Sixth. Another advantage of the study of Shakespeare is the culture of the dramatic element. This is a universal power. Why not give it its due? We have special appliances for training the other powers—why not give this, too, its due. If undeveloped; the other powers suffer. Its special function seems to be, to act, not only as a sort of universal mental lubricant, but to minister vividness, piquancy, compass, conceptive force, and general momentum to all the powers. Its development gives self-poise, quickens perception, memory, imaginative, taste, and intuition, gives keener appreciation of beauty, strength and grace, and to volition a firmer grasp and wider sway.

To exercise this power seems a kind of instinctive mental necessity. No intellectual element has more persistently asserted itself through all time; and of all way-marks with which civilization has spaced off its progress, none have been projected into higher relief than the dramatic. Through phases of manifestation endlessly diversified, its exercise has formed in all nations the most attractive of diversions. True, it has thus often been in bad company, and put to evil uses, and thus come to be associated with the lax morals of theatres in their perlieus.

But does the abuse of a thing forbid its use? Is it not rather a plea all the stronger for its *right* use? What good things are not abused, and the best the most? Shall all good things be ruled out, because they *only* can be abused? Shall we deny education to the dramatic power because the theatre is its special sphere?

Far more plausibly might the scouter of all Christian churches put under his ban the dramatic element, because formerly its almost exclusive public exercise was in the service of the church, its houses of worship being thrown open for its representation, and presided over throughout Christendom by bishops and the clergy.

Accustomed to associate the exercise of this power with the theatre alone, we are apt to overlook the vastly wider scope and relations of the dramatic element in mind. To illustrate this, I refer you to the fact that the teachings of Jesus Christ, the very essence of practical Christianity are an appeal to the dramatic element in mind. How am I to determine my duty to my neighbor? I am to *put myself in his place*, to make his case my own, I am to be to *myself* the representative of his rights, interests, and well-being. In a word, I am in the highest sense to impersonate him, at the bar of my own conscience, just as in any other case of personation, I do in my conception assume

the personality of another, and so regarding *myself* as *himself*, I am to judge the case accordingly, and thus determine what is his due from me. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." These are the dramatics of Christianity.

The universality of the dramatic instinct, and the strong tendency to act it out are seen in earliest childhood. Children almost as soon as they can totter, begin to go out of themselves. The boy turns into a dog and bow-wows—a cock, he flaps his wings and crows—a cow, he fetches a long drawn moo—a horse broke loose, he curvets, prances and kicks fearfully among his nursery blocks—a big bull, he waxes dangerous as he bellows and paws the carpet—a locomotive, he blows his steam whistle and dashes round the nursery with puffs and yells spasmodic, or taming down, sticks a feather in his cap and struts a soldier. The girl chirps and sings, a birdie, a dove, she coos—a lamb, she bleats—or a loving mother, she lullabies her sick baby doll as she rocks it to sleep. What mother upon answering tiny raps at her nursery door, has not seen entering there distinguished guests?—the teacher, the doctor, the squire, the minister, or their wives—next come world-wide travelers, and authors known to fame, gravely sifted in with peddlers, beggars, and gypsies, and with pomp and circumstance, Generals, Governors, Presidents, Kings and Queens, the Sultan, the Pope, the Grand Lama and the Great Mogul.

How much both of the happiness and development of childhood, thus wells up in spontaneous out-flow from the dramatic element. In this the child is but the father of the man. True, far less of it is seen in adults, the hard facts of the real strike down the ideal, while fashion, conventionality, fictitious standards, the general artificiality of society, tend to stifle that with every other spontaneity. In proportion as we identify ourselves with others we are all dramatic. Thus, entering into sympathy with their situations and states, we reproduce them in ourselves. In our tones, attitudes, gestures, and expressions of countenance, we unconsciously look, act, and seem like them.

Though the term *dramatic faculty* means the power by which one personates others, yet when analyzed, we find it identical with that by which we express our own thoughts and emotions. We are all when natural, and thoroughly in earnest, dramatic. One can personate others only so far, as he by his conception, passes into their life, making their sentiments and emotions, as well as their words his own, and, as such, expressing them. Thus, whether expressing in natural action one's own thoughts and feelings, or those excited by his conception of others, the relation of thought and feeling to action, is, in both the same. Consequently, every outacting of one's own mental states, becomes when natural and in earnest, dramatic. But besides this, the development of the dramatic faculty is invaluable, as an intellectual discipline. The process is itself an educator. It trains to

high force the power of conception, inasmuch as the personation of a character, necessitates its vivid conception. It also shapes and kindles distinct ideals, gives acuteness and zest to the literary appreciation, brings attention to a focus till it burns there, thus giving special vigor to that without which, mind has no power worthily to achieve. Finally, it trains the mind to such self-adjustment, that it can hold itself still, while the will compels all the powers to combine in representing its conception of the character assumed.

Besides this general educational force, it tends to break the slavery of a special class of pupils, embracing often the finest organizations. In this class are natures keenly sensitive—those lacking self esteem—the timid—the morbidly self-conscious—the self-distrustful—those who intensely crave approbation, and wither under disparaging comment. Pupils with these peculiarities underrate their powers. In measuring themselves they judge from false data. Their intense sensitiveness stifles manifestation. Thus they can neither show nor know their own strength. Their light is within ground glass, and they judge of it by the few rays that struggle through. The manifestations of mind made by their schoolmates, they compare with their own, not considering that *they cannot show* what they have, their powers having to force a passage through non-conductors, which stop half of them, and so hard beset the rest, that they come out warped and battered; consequently such natures shrivel under a false sense of inferiority. This morbid sensitiveness, with the aversion to class exercises that it begets, this disheartening sense of inferiority, with the other disturbing forces in its train, not only makes the pupils miserable, but keeps half his powers dormant, and fetters the rest.

Though such cases abound in both sexes, yet far the larger num- of them are girls; multitudes of these writhe through their school-days, the impaled victims of a morbid self-consciousness, and diffidence, that make every movement and expression, artificial and distorted, a stifling constraint, half-paralyzing thought, utterance, and action, intensifying self-distrust, and mortification, and thus perpetuating a misery self-inflicted and intolerable. Such cases demand a special process to call out self-assertion, and to make it a habit.

Till this be done the successful development of the mind is impossible. While such a palsy sits upon the powers they cannot act. To set them free is the first thing. If you demand speed, strike off fetters, if you want ready speech—away with gags, clear vision—unbandage the eyes.

I have dwelt the longer upon these cases because they are so common, so afflictive to the subject, such a bar to development, and because, especially in the case of girls, our schools provide no adequate remedy. Each case must be prescribed for according to its own symptoms. The end to be reached in all is the same, to put the pupil into her own custody, to develop self-poise and self-sway. To

state in detail the means to this end is aside from my present purpose. I will only add that I have found the persistent exercise of the dramatic element in such persons, vastly more effectual, and that too, in a far shorter time, than in the use of all other means combined. The teacher must of course begin his process in private, and continue it until the pupil acquires sufficient confidence to bear the presence of others. These morbidly sensitive pupils always think that they lack utterly dramatic power, whereas, they usually possess it in a rare degree. Consequently, when this is developed it gives self-confidence in other respects, substitutes freedom for fetters, tells favorably upon all their studies and elevates their intellectual tone.

In selecting pieces for recitation and assigning parts in dramatic scenes, the teacher can provide in other ways for the needs of his pupils. Such selections being left to the pupils themselves, they choose what they can speak and act most easily, thus, instead of those elements being called out which most need development, those may be stimulated, which are already so prominent as to disturb the balance of mind and character. Thus instead of restoring an equilibrium already jostled, they jostle it all the more. The true educator will ask, not who will act this part *best*, but who most needs its stimulation. With him, dramatic exercises are not an exhibition to show off his scholars, but a discipline to develop them, a process consecrated to their symmetrical unfolding. He will study the peculiarities of each, and prescribe accordingly. Thus to excessive timidity he will assign characters full of self assertion—to chronic gravity, mirth: in a word, he will prescribe for each undesirable habit, its special corrective, and generally for whatever is defective, or redundant, the personation of those opposite traits which antagonize each.

In thus urging the claims of development of the dramatic power, I advocate no novelty, I do but ask that our system of education be made self-consistent. All our schools provide dramatic training in one respect. What is taught in a reading lesson? Is it merely to speak plain, and mind the stops? Many a parrot is taught to do that. Must the pupil stop where the parrot stops? Such reading is the mere saying off of words.

To teach reading is to train the pupil to express meaning, to voice in varying tones the shifting shades of the author's thought and feeling. This expression in tones of the ideas and emotions of the writer is dramatic action, none the less dramatic because only vocal action. Those dramatics are professedly taught in every school-house in New England.

All teachers *assume* to develop the dramatic element in vocal expression. Let us then be self-consistent. Why develop the dramatics of sound and leave out those of sight. Why teach the pupil to reproduce the author's conception to the ear, and not to the eye? In the former, he has a daily drill for years, in the latter not a lesson.

Why not? What we see stirs us more than what we hear. It sinks deeper, stays longer and, and suggests more. While voice reveals thought and feeling in sound alone,—posture, attitude, gesture, manifold action, with expressions of face and feature diversified in countless phases, reveal them in lines, shapes, figures, hues and pictures, in lights and shades vastly more multiform. As thought and feeling reveal in voice their own sounds, so in gesture, posture and attitude they reveal their own shapes.

Why should these last be all ignored in our system, while the former are strictly enjoined? "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." *He* has so blended mind with body, that earnest thought and feeling express themselves, not only by the tongue, but by the entire person. The eye speaks as well as the tongue and better too; clearer, louder, softer, more ravishing, awe inspiring and sublime. What fore-ground, play-ground and battle-ground, has the mind like that of the human face? Let one's soul be but kindled, and how light breaks, and fires flash from the dilated form. Then posture, gesture, presence, the head, the hand, the planted foot, the bearing, the whole person become mind visible, at once its glowing focus, and its flaming radiator.

I advocate then an adequate provision in our higher schools for the due education of the dramatic as well as the other powers of the pupils.

I advocate its development, not merely as a relaxation to relieve the monotony of study, and give zest to the intervals of sterner work, nor as a graceful accomplishment, giving ease, elegance, and dignity to manners—nor yet as an innocent and beautiful amusement, adding to the attractions of home, though in each of these respects it does invaluable service; nor do I advocate it for ostentatious display on days of, so called, public exhibition, but I plead for it as a most salutary,greatly needed, and almost utterly neglected mental discipline and culture. This neglect is the greater marvel because the dramatic art is initiatory to all art—the natural pioneer to each.

Seventh. Again, the study of Shakespeare stimulates general mental activity, luring almost constraining the pupil into habits of vigorous thought. The tendency of the pupil to slug and drone, is to the earnest teacher his "gorgon dire," seeming sometimes a very demoniacal possession, defying exorcism. If the demon be not deaf, dumb, blind, and besotted, as well as dead asleep, Shakespeare taught as he should be. could hardly fail to cast the monster out.

His page is ever astir and aglow--thought quivers and flashes—pulses throb, and life leaps along the lines. Thoroughly plied with such forces, and inspirited by a skillful teacher, the pupils mind must be a marvel of matter, if not inspired to mental activity.

Eighth. Further, I advocate the study of Shakespeare in our higher schools because nothing in our literature so tends to beget in youth an earnest love of nature. In the good time coming to education, that

vast developing force, the love of nature, will at last receive its due as an educator of mind.

More than all other books, Shakespeare deals with *universal* nature, animate, and inanimate, material, mental, social, and moral, without and within. Oceans, and rills, worlds, and molecules, and all between. Mind infinite, and infinitesimal; life vegetable, and animal, with its aspects, modes, acting forces and effects, thoughts, affections, passions, motives and relations, shapes, hues, uses, and stages of growth and ecay: these and a myriad beside form each a thread in the tissue of Shakespeare's universal net work.

It is the testimony of two and a half centuries that no human productions have so variously expressed the inmost and utmost of nature, physical and mental, as those of Shakespeare. Five words of the inscription upon his monument, in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon proclaim this profound appreciation,—

Shakespeare with whom quick nature died.

While he yet lived the wise estimate in which his works were held by his own generation were thus chronicled. "They serve for the most common commentaries upon all the actions of our lives." Pope says of him, Shakespeare is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature, and it is not so just to say, that he speaks *for* her as that she speaks through him.

Nature was in the order of time the first divine lesson to man, and the vast instrumentalities of inspiration, providence, and spiritual ministry have been superadded, yet all are lessons assigned by the same infinite teacher, the later not superseding, but amplifying and enforcing that original lesson.

The blessings that are always with us we most undervalue. Such await our birth, ply every grade of our growth, throng in through the senses, throb in every pulse, flash in every ray, ring in all tones, float in every odor, and savor, live in every thought, feeling, volition, and physical action, ever acting without us and upon us at each moment of our lives, and peopling even the vagaries of our dreams. These myriad influences do so seem parts of ourselves, that we see not what they are, life long educational forces, each a lesson and a teacher, sent to us on a divine mission.

These stimulants, acting through our external senses and our internal consciousness, are pulsations from the heart of universal nature, from the constitution and laws of things and of mind. This universal nature is a revalation of God's will to man upon the subject of education. To each individual he has delivered a copy. Let him con it well. This unwritten revelation, is in two testaments. One is born in every man—the faculties of his own being, the other lies all around him through his senses.

Why is this revelation in nature so radiant with glory? Why is it traced all over with lines of beauty and no other lines? Why but to attract mind to its contemplation, and thus illumine, dilate and develop it throughout! Has God made every tittle of nature a magnet to attract mind only to amuse it? drawing it to itself to give it nothing for coming there?

Nature is not a mere store-house of things, events, facts, entities, masses, atoms, and isolations, but an exhaustless fountain of principles, laws, causes and effects, fixed relations, affinities, combined elements, balanced forces, means and ends, processes, necessities and motives, and thus an infinite magazine of susceptibilities and powers, each a stimulus inciting the mind to clothe itself with beauty and strength.

Well doth it become us then, reverently to uncover in the presence-chamber of nature the earliest, divinely commissioned educator of man, the only one that begins to teach him at his birth, and provides that every moment shall bear to him a new lesson on its wings. In recounting the intellectual characteristics of the Bible, one of the most marked rarely receives its due. I mean its recognition every where of the fact that nature is a universal educator.

There is in our literature, but one book besides, that thus teems throughout with nature, and that is Shakespeare. Many other writers move us with her melodies, some with her grand harmonies, but Shakespeare alone sweeps the diapason of all nature's symphonies besides. In others, nature glows in the beauty of her leaf, bud and blossom, but in Shakespeare only, in all the wealth and glory of her golden fruitage too. Other writers represent nature while she sits passive, as her picture is sketched. In Shakespeare she paints her own portrait full-length, using his hand to hold her pencil, and guiding it with her own. Thus in Shakespeare we find the original of nature, in others but copies, often faint-lined. On every page of Shakespeare we find nature herself at home; not her proxy, her effigy, shadow, nor echo; not her attorney, consignee, nor man of all work; not even her minister plenopotentiary, nor premier, but her own very self, in her own dress, with her simple looks, artless ways and all unconscious air. There in free disport, all quick with life, she basks at full length in her own sunshine, ever humming her fancies as they come and go, now in frolic, now in battle, musing now, and now in tears, in ecstasy, in prayer, all in her own sweet way, and saying and doing all, only because she cannot help it, if she would, and would not help it if she could.

All honor to those educators who give high prominence to the *sciences* of nature in our schools; but shall we restrict our pupils to the study of nature's mere *scientific* ics, and ologies stiff with scholastic formulas? While doing all that we are doing in physics, (and much more may we do,) yet, let us never ignore the fact, that outside

of these sciences of nature, lives vast nature herself, all aglow, above, beneath, around and within us,—its great heart beat stirring our pulses too, thrilling us with its vitalities till we grow plastic in their warmth, absorb their forces, and thus dilate into a larger development, and rise into higher life. This Nature illumines every page of Shakespeare, her representative, pupil and child, speaking in her own vernacular, trained by herself and commissioned by her to train others. Let Shakespeare have conferred upon him the freedom of her schools and right royally will he execute his high commission.

The last consideration that I urge, is that Shakespeare's works are in themselves an epitome and a summary of universal literature wrought out in endless forms of philosophic structure, and æsthetic texture, in felicities of thought and style, regrouping and refining the shapeliest features of other writers. What characteristic of universal literature is not sublimated in Shakespeare?

Intuition, invention, acuteness, grasp, philosophic depth, subtile wit, and humor, the loftiest creations with the lowliest simplicities, all varieties of verse in faultless rythm, of prose in tersest form and fittest words, highest utilities of practical wisdom, with profoundest moral inculcations, adorned with all felicities of diction, welling ever from unsounded depths,—in a word, beauties and sublimities in endless novelties of form, lavished with unconscious prodigality, and yet adjusted with a marvellous nicety of taste and skill, spring spontaneous in his pages.

Our text books in English literature contain biographical sketches of hundreds of authors with brief extracts from their works. Such books furnish details not easily accessible elsewhere. They are convenient collections of literary statistics, relieved by quotations characteristic of the writers. But what means do such fragmentary scraps afford for the literary education of pupils, enabling them to discrimate and combine the elements of literature, grasp its scope, master its analysis and form a critical taste that shall be its touchstone, separating its gold from all alloy? Such scrap-books do, in this respect, mock the pupils' real need. Apart from the biographical notices, they constitute a sort of literary confection made up of all sorts of ingredients, and often like other confections, neither easy of digestion, nor convertible into aliment. Such collections afford no adequate means for literary training. When the pupils in our advanced classes are, under a wise supervision, put to the study and critical analysis of Shakespeare, there will then be taught in our schools, not only an English literature, but all that is fundamental in Universal Literature, not its mere outline, but its essential self, with whatever is vital in æsthetic philosophic detail.

And now to sum up in a word, let me say that, regarding Shakespeare, as without a peer not only as a poet, but as a thinker, a philosopher, a moralist, a metaphysician, a logician,—though without the

mechanism of logic,—as the most acute and profound mental analyst, that ever threaded the mazes of human nature, I look upon the critical study and analysis of his works as indispensable to the completeness of a liberal culture. I regard it not mainly as a discipline, unfolding the æsthetic elements, but quickening and giving momentum to the whole mind, a general educational force, a normal stimulant to all the faculties, rousing the inert, developing the latent and giving symmetry and equipoise to the whole.

This is not theoretic abstraction, but historic detail, embodying the results of many years in classes of both sexes, under a supervision inspired by these convictions. In conclusion, I notice a grave objection to the study of Shakespeare, which is, that his dramas abound in such representations of vice as tend to corrupt the mind.

Shakespeare's dramas present multiform phases of human nature. They teem with good and very good, bad and very bad, men and women. The good speak their own vernacular, the bad theirs. Truth and falsehood, fidelity and treachery, love and hatred, revenge and forgiveness, blessing and cursing, innocence and guilt, are all there in high relief. On the one hand, Christian meekness, humility, and repentance, compassion and the rendering of good for evil; on the other, bloated pride and self-will, envyings, jealousies and hypocricies, malignity and diabolic rage. We have already noticed a marked resemblance between Shakespeare and the Bible in their peculiar modes of presenting thought. We have here another in the impartial presentation of the differences in moral character. In that respect the method of Shakespeare is exactly the method of the Bible, with this exception, that only the good of Shakespeare's best characters appears. In the Bible the falsehoods, impurities, injustice and other sins and shames into which the good sometimes fall, are, with stern impartiality told in detail.

There is another striking similarity between the methods of Shakespeare and those of the Bible. The latter records crimes, sometimes describes them in detail, yet it not only never *gilds* them, but it unmasks their ugliness, and so encases them in a dark setting of circumstances and consequences that their grim features disgust and repel. This Bible method is also the method of Shakespeare. He draws in minute detail Iago, Goneril, Regan, Edmund, Claudius, Shylock, Queen Margaret, Macbeth, and Richard III, monsters all, but who is attracted to their diabolisms by his description? Nay, who does not the rather recoil from them all the more, for the graphic hideousness with which he stamps them.

A word with regard to the alleged indecencies of Shakespeare's dramas. The words decency and indecency, are not for the most part, absolute in their meaning, but comparative, not intrinsic but relative, not invariable, but incessantly shifting with phases of civilization, grades of development and the progress of refinement, with

local usages, time, place, surrounding, and even with the changing fashions of the hour. True there are such things as intrinsic indecencies, such always and every where throughout Christendom, yet, whatever in speech outrages the common feeling of fitness, modesty and purity, is, by the rightminded eschewed, as *then and there* an indecency, not necessarily intrinsic, but relatively such. Thus numbers of words and phrases in our language, once universally used in refined society or in sermons on the gravest occasions, are now regarded as indecent, and are used only by persons utterly gross in all their tastes and tendencies. Words expressing such ideas are a necessity, in the language, but when in the advance of society they become clustered with associations specially repulsive, they thus become indecent, and give place to synonyms that are not so, though representing the same ideas. The very *gist* of all indecency is, as a general rule, the doing of conscious violence to that sense of moral fitness, which usage has made its standard. Some of the best books in our older literature contain expressions, not at all indecorous when they were written, but if used now by the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic*, or *Harper's Monthly*, would sentence them to instant death "without benefit of clergy." In some of the most advanced of our old English classics, are passages and descriptions, which, were I to read to you now as apt illustrations of the topic under discussion, you would justly regard it as an indignity to be resented, and my address as a nuisance to be abated on the spot. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, is a text book in most of our higher schools. Shall that, the grandest poem since Job, be ruled out of them for alleged indecencies? And yet, when under reading in the school room, what teacher does not quietly arrange to have certain passages passed without being read in the class." Who would dislodge from the household shelf, the old family Bible, because it contains details, which in selections for reading to an audience would be quietly passed over.

On the same principle of discretionary selection and omission, Bowdler's Family Shakespeare was long since compiled. Near twenty years ago, Prof. Hows of Columbia College, New York City, published his *Shakespearian Reader* as a school text book, and ten years since his *Historical Shakespeare*. More recently Rev. Henry N. Hudson of Boston has published his *School Shakespeare*, an admirable text book for advanced classes.*

It is surely no small marvel that it should be charged against the dramas of Shakespeare that they allure youth to disparage virtue and to lead immoral lives. They never deck pollution with the robe of purity; nor call evil good; nor smooth the brow, nor the pathway of evil passions; nor strew with flowers the road to crime.

Milton in his immortal *Paradise Lost*, fills pages with impious

* And still more recently Mr. W. J. Rolfe, A.M., and the Clarendon Press Editors have printed their carefully and judiciously expurgated editions.

vaunts, glozing lies, and profane scoffings, but they are the swaggerings, hypocrisies, maliginities and blasphemies of Devils. Who would be allured to lies, hates, and impieties by such examples? So Shakespeare prints wih graphic vividness his human Satans, Beelzebubs, Belials, and Molochs, but he compels each to show his cloven foot, and flaunt his own devilish livery. If Milton's Satan plot to steal the robes of Michael or Gabriel, he is sure to be caught in the act and stripped, naked, and gnashing, under the lash of scorn.

No works not professedly religious, are so rife with moral sentiments as those of Shakespeare. They infect with no moral taint the pure, nor lead the innocent to tolerate the atmosphere of guilt. Gentleness, and human sympathy, love and justice meet, embrace and blend.

The religious literature of Christendom furnishes no statement of the law of love, the golden rule, and the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, more terse, comprehensive and radiant with beauty than scores of passages in the works of Shakespeare. I close with one of them, selecting it, not because it is the most striking, but because it is seldom quoted. It is in the speech of the Duke to Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, I, i, 30.

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
> Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence,
> But like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use.

THEODORE D. WELD.

QUEEN GERTRUDE.

Amid the mystery and the interest that encircle the main figures of the tragedy of Hamlet, the minor characters are often lost to view. And none of these is more often effaced or more unfortunately than the unhappy Queen. After Hamlet's denunciations of her in his first soliloquy, she is regarded as a wicked, wanton creature fit only to typify the frailty of woman, the fickleness and depravity of gross natures, and, like the thief who, predisposed to fear, saw an officer in every bush, the ordinary reader is inclined to interpret all the remaining evidence concerning her in the light of this first impression.

As the distinguished Ghost had not yet laid the withering tale before young Hamlet, it must be remembered that the sole ground for all this bitter raving was comprehended in her too hasty marriage with his uncle.

But the fact unwelcome as it is, is constantly made manifest, that in the shifting phases of human society, fickleness has not been held as an unpardonable sin in man or woman, much less in King or Queen whose royal nuptials are too often at the mercy of fate, circumstance and state policy.

Hence when the pathos and passion of the mastering language here brought to bear on this offence, is allowed for and considered, need it follow that an unqualified sentence be passed upon the Queen? Be that as it may however, her guilt or innocence turn not upon her hasty marriage but upon her knowledge or her ignorance of her husband's murder.

What does the story teach on this vital point?

Something of what the answer shall be to this question depends upon the copy of Shakespeare appealed to.

The critics agree that in the first copy of the play the queen's innocence of this atrocious act is explicitly stated.

Now in the later copies did Shakespeare intend to reverse that position, or are his interpreters doing it for him?

It is significant to consider that the main accusation against the queen comes from the Ghost to Hamlet, and, is of such a character that though it might signify an unlawful yielding of her affections to

Claudius before the death of the king, it gives no testimony to her knowledge of his murder. In fact, amid the outpouring of his vengeful wrongs, by which he sought to harrow up the soul and freeze the young blood of his son two-fold bereft, there comes a touch of tender remembrance—perhaps as "sorrow's crown of sorrow," and his heart cries out in solicitous injunction:—

> But howsoever thou pursuest this act
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven:
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
> To prick and sting her.—
>
> I, v, 84.

And there gives utterance to the exquisite lines which Knight says, "are full of the poetry of external nature, and of the depths of human affections as if the spirit that had for so short a time been cut off from life, to know the secrets of the 'prison-house' still clung to the earthly remembrance of the beautiful and the tender that even a spirit might indulge."

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near.
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
> Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me."

How well the dutiful son fulfilled the inexorable command thus laid upon him we may discover in following the progress of the drama.

In the presence of the players, he "interpreted the language of the acted queen into wormwood for his mother;" and later, when availing ourselves of the privilege taken by Polonius, we witness the interview in his mother's chamber, we find him so far exceeding his prerogative as to make necessary another visitation from the "being majestic" who comes to* "dissuade him from the persecution of his mother which he had previously forbidden, and to admonish him again to that vengance on the *murderer* which he had so imperatively commanded."

We know not when Hamlet's words "enter into his mother's ears like daggers," how the "thorns, that in her bosom lodge, prick and sting her"—but we do realize her torture in the mother's cry—

> O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
>
> III, iv, 156.

"In the play as we now have it, Shakespeare has left it doubtful whether the queen was accessory to the murder of her husband, but in this scene in the first copy (1603) she says:

> But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
> I *never knew* of this most horrid murder.

* Gervinus.

"And Hamlet says—

> And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
> And in his death your infamy shall die.

"The queen upon this protests—

> I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
> What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.

"In the amended copy, the queen merely says—

> Be thou assured, if words be made of breath.
> And breath of life I have no life to breathe that thou hast said to me."*
>
> III, iv, 197.

We watch her from this time with increasing interest, surrounded as she is, and completely hedged, by the cunning villainy of Claudius. Alone she stands but ever watchful of Hamlet, who, either because of reason dethroned or "encumbered by this dire revenge," is swayed by his irregular impulses beyond companionship, and through the perfidy of her husband is hurried out of her sight.

At length, when she is robbed of the attendance and devoted love of that guileless "unmothered girl" she had hoped to see the bride of her son, she is constrained to say—

> One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
> So fast they follow.
>
> IV, vii, 164.

Even her most adverse critics here recognize one of those "redeeming touches" which prove a nature not wholly depraved—and the lines—

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook, etc.,

are truly said to form an exquisite specimen of emblematic or picture writing.

Another scene, Knight says, differs altogether in the quarto of (1603) from anything found in the amended copy.

It is a short scene between Horatio and the queen in which Horatio relates Hamlet's return to Denmark, and describes the treason by which the king plotted against him, as well as the way in which he evaded it by the sacrifice of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

The queen, with reference to the "subtle treason," that the king has plotted, says:—

> Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
> That seem'd to sugar o'er his villany:
> But I will soothe and please him for a time
> For murderous minds are always jealous.

* Knight.

This is decisive as to Shakespeare's original intentions Knight thinks, in regard to the queen.

He furthermore adds that "the suppression of the scene in the amended copy is another instance of the poet's admirable judgment in that she does not redeem her guilt by entering into plots against her guilty husband."

From the avalanche of woe and sorrow in the last scene we would gladly turn did we not find there is wrought an opportunity, out of all the sickening horror and bloodshed, for the suffering queen to prove her repentance and love by drinking the poison prepared for Hamlet.

The subtle undercurrent of treason, running throughout all the dark history, leads her to suspect there may be death in the draught made ready by the murderous hand of Claudius, and she is upheld in her heroic determination to test the wine, at the risk of her own life, through a secret fear of evil intended for her son.

The perfidious, though most gracious king, ever on the alert, suspecting her intentions, begs her not to drink.

Unheeding his beseeching command she drains the fatal cup, sustained by the consciousness that in her self-consecrated death she may at least atone for the wrongs and sins of the past—sins hidden deep within her mother's heart which at last overflowed with a devotion and strength that raised her, by this vicarious suffering, to a nobility of maternal tenderness beyond our criticism.

Here then let the evidence close and our investigation cease—remembering there is a step beyond the portal of each individual life which we dare not take.

All that remained of the hapless erring queen was "pure womanly" —and, may we not shroud her clouded record with a mantle of charity in thinking of the atonement of Hamlet's mother.

Amanda Lowman Bartholomew.

A SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

PRELIMINARY EXPLANATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Since announcing that it would attempt to open *A School of Shakespeare*, SHAKESPEARIANA has received many letters of inquiry and encouragement. And this being, as Quince says, "a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal," it is thought advisable to answer these manifestations of interest here, and here, also, to make known more fully the purpose and the means SHAKESPEARIANA seeks in this attempt, and the spirit in which they are sought.

So far as is known, the shallow rawness of an assumption of impudent authority has not been imputed to it in any quarter, save one, but "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living;" and if there be others "afeared of the lion," there is need of a prologue like Bottom's to tell them plainly that this attempt is made in no spirit of bluster about a novel enterprise. The face of "Smug the joiner" "must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,— * * * 'I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for your's. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such such thing: I am a man as other men are.'"

Seriously, it is mainly the work of a joiner that SHAKESPEARIANA modestly proposes to undertake. Not to discover something new under the sun, or to cry Eureka! over a preserve of fresh-hatched facts in the sophisticated world of Shakespearian study and interpretation, but to join old facts, already there to join, with new or warmer sympathies. To try to make more widely available the wealth of material already collected for study, bringing into view suggestively, continuously, and progressively,—as a magazine published periodically may do, perhaps, in some degree, to more advantage than many better books may,—in their fitting connection and in relation to current study, summaries of old facts which are yet never old but ever renewed in immortal freshness and fitness in their appeal, at each new gaze, to the open mind and heart. "'Tis not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts,"—the heat to put "you in

the right relation with magazines of facts." And it is faith in this virtue of heat, faith in the need of sympathy, reciprocity, or whatever it is that welds elements to a use, making conversation possible, organization desirable, or civilization bearable, which moves SHAKESPEARIANA to offer itself as an organ of communication for the educational reading and study of Shakespeare. If there is room for a Shakespearian magazine which shall be anything more than a hobby for some of the dilletante, or a bone of contention for others, while for serious workers it is mainly an unnecessary object for good-humored indulgence, this office must be its best use. Nor is it a restrictive, but a widening use. A use not adapted after the dogmatic, pedagogical manner to compel or cajole the wayward attention of school-boys and school-girls, but one fit to employ the serious attention of men and women who have not given up growing, or whose self-complacency does not forbid them to understand how it is that Shakespeare may teach them as well as be taught to others.

It is scarcely necessary to rehearse the essential advantages, spiritual and mental, which often have been shown to come hand in hand with an appreciative study of a great author. Some especial advantage, and one peculiarly appropriate to this time of desultory dipping in many basins, being it seems most desirable and likely to accompany a faithful and continuous holding of the attention upon the thought of one various-minded man. Having passed into the crude era of daily and Sunday papers when everything is to be made attractive of quick and passing notice, and not yet having reached the higher stage of literary elaboration where everything so attractive also shall be made worth while, we are suffering from a habit of intellectual dissipation, from a chronic incapacity for continuous attention to any literature that has a serious tendency.* Even in the study of science, the peculiar hope of the time, the tendency yet is toward necessary analyses merely; toward busying everybody with small parts, dissections, chips, and fragments of the bodying forth of the growing whole of nature. That the piecing out of this working evidence shall come in due time we may have faith, yet we shall do well to ask how it may come, or, how it may be made available when it does come, if meanwhile the mass of men and this generation of growing children have their desire for studious reading, their capability for serious attention to trains of facts, events, and thoughts to be laid before them, frittered away by empty excitements and so weakened by disuse that it can not healthily assimilate or place in due order and relation the multitudinous facts destined to reward special researches.

* In *The Nation* No. 1100, July 29th '86, p. 92, may be found touching this, a suggestive article on *The Reading Habit* which quotes Mr. Henry Holt's remarks, before the Senate Committee, on the Hawley Copyright Bill, and adds some further considerations of value.

Would it not be well then, to get the spiritual perceptions trained into a state of preparedness. And though no magical nostrum may minister to a mind diseased by trifling and the pernicious love of bits of gossip, a treatment that may call it aside a little from the Present to fit it for the Future, to arouse it and to exercise it, might have a perceptible effect. If the advantage which accrues to us from the study of Greek and Roman authors lies in the fact that their lines of thought are essentially our lines of thought, then surely the fidelity, the care, the elaboration, the nicety which have been devoted to Greece and Rome may be given to Shakespeare who has influenced intellectual life of our day more than any other man of mortal born.

The prescription is not of course to read a book and be whole,—

> For men have oft grown old among the books
> To die case-hardened in their ignorance,

instances of which the children of this world may have noticed in some dryasdust antiquarians and catchers up of unconsidered trifles, but to awaken general intellectual interest by following the life within the thought of Shakespeare. "I don't know or don't choose at this moment to admit,"—writes Prof. Child, in a letter in regard to SHAKESPEARIANA's project, which he, perhaps, may excuse the quoting of here,—"that a greater service could be done to men and women than to fill their minds and hearts with Shakespeare."

Teachers and parents are likely to see the bearing of this without exposition. But a letter, representative of similar letters, from an earnest teacher in New England supplies an example so to the point, that, with the permission of the writer, it is cited here:—

For several years I have been the leader of a class in this place. I have tried the study of mental and moral science, Milton, and other literature, but have found nothing that holds a class like Shakespeare; and for more than ten years now, we have made that our study. The present class consists of some twenty young people, two or three of whom are in school, and the others are working to support themselves, with a very little time for study. We read three-quarters of an hour each week and the result of our persistent effort to do what we can, makes me see what a power for good the study of Shakespeare may be.

We do not read in a learned way, but try to become acquainted with the people to whom Shakespeare introduces us, listen to what they say, compare their expression of themselves in private, with their public utterances, and judge of their mental and moral characteristics. We talk about these people, and get many lessons upon the conduct of life, more mental and moral science than we did when we set out to study those sciences. My aim is to lead all to take part in discussions, and to keep all within reach of the youngest in attainment. I am often surprised and pleased with the comments of

those who have had few educational advantages. Shakespeare is so human that he has something for all minds.

We read very slowly, having spent two years upon the historical plays, reading in connection with them, portions of different English histories, *Ivanhoe*, and *The Last of the Barons*, &c. All are in the habit of bringing to the class whatever they find what they think will be of interest. * * *

I was made glad by your announcement of the plan for study. We cannot be a help to clubs having leisure, and a high degree of cultivation, and probably will not be able to follow any plan made by and for such clubs, but I am sure of getting many suggestions. * *

I thought that you might be able to make your magazine lead to the formation of clubs like the Florence class, and so I have written about it.

Many people are suffering for the lack of mental food to whom such a club would be a blessing. As a means of education the study of Shakespeare is far superior to the desultory "forty minutes" courses coming into vogue.

My own experience shows me that a club might be formed in every town and village in our country, where two persons could be found to make a nucleus for it. Could not other teachers and classes or clubs be reached by you, and similar work be begun in a small way?

That is the open question which SHAKESPEARIANA now puts to the Public. It would like, besides trying to make itself more useful or more entertaining to societies and students already at work, to lead those who, perhaps, have thought but little about it, to find out for themselves by study how intimate are the relations with them of the man "who carried the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which fed him" and to know in themselves how valuable is the influence of those thoughts on which "the foremost people of the world have now for some ages been nourished." It would like to do what it may, also to induce those whose studies devoted and apart in special lines have been in some cases doubtless sufficient to themselves and quite their own reward, and who scarcely have felt in them, or cared to feel the touch of a brother's shoulder alongside, to give out something of the fruit of their labors for the common good, to lend abroad over the common road some light from their own peculiar individual interpretation of the open secret of the mind and art of this representative Saxon.

Whatever irresistible impulse it is which leads the devoted scholar not to keep his work to himself but to put it in the open market, to print it, and to publish it abroad, whatever spontaneous desire for fellowship and mutual emulation it is which leads men interested in the same subjects or pursuits to organize and club together, should argue with specialists to induce them to appeal to a larger audience, and should argue with societies to move them to seek larger fellowship.

Taking it for granted that not yet is all study of Shakespeare finished, nor all he can teach us exhausted; believing that scarcely ever was there more interest shown in him than now, or a time more ripe for a fresh reception of his message; assuming, also, that there may be room, quite its own, for a periodical publication which shall deal with the material of Shakespeare study, SHAKESPEARIANA has announced its attempt to open *A School of Shakespeare.* But it is confidence in the power of coöperation, if it may be aroused, which has inspired its purpose. And it is the working together of all who love and study, or wish to appreciate the art and thought of Shakespeare, which must be the means whereby what educational impetus there may be lying latent within the power of effort to bring out, shall set this attempt in effective motion.

To some the way may be shown, of others, it must be asked. Of all in some sense, for though not all may contribute in the same way, all are needed to contribute in some way. "Farmers will give corn, poets will sing, women will sew, laborers will lend a hand, the children will bring flowers." Without the help of each there will be a lack in the work not to be otherwise filled.

Will all who already are reading and studying Shakespeare, will all who would like to read and study him, and will all who would be glad if such an attempt as this might succeed, bear some part in it?

Let us hear of your work in societies, clubs and classes, whether it be great or whether it be slight and unambitious, in any case let us hear of it, for then only may it be seen how the work of all shall fit in together and be of mutual service or interest. Steady report of the work of all Shakespeare classes as well as of all Shakespeare societies is desired and an effort will be made, in furtherance of which an answering effort of yours will be necessary, to make this department complete.

So far as you can make it applicable or as soon as you can, if already you have laid out a programme of your own, will you be willing to follow a general line of study in which all may join to some degree, through this magazine, to the end that a community of interest may be established in the same subjects and inquiries, and that what benefits there may be derivable from coöperation may be put in train to be realized.

So much eminent approval and encouragement of this projected attempt to apply the coöperative principle to Shakespearian study having been received, all energy must be bent toward the execution. And in the execution some such valuable aid and counsel has been promised, that with your help there is reason to trust it shall prove capable of growth.

The growth of such a living and dramatic school as SHAKESPEARIANA hopes now to open must be organic. One step at a time is all that can be wisely undertaken; but in reply to those who have inquired what plays are to be considered, it should be said that the plays chosen

as points of outlook will be first *The Merchant of Venice*, a formed but early fruit of Shakespeare's thought, then *Hamlet*, the work of the disillusionized man, and then, *The Tempest*, or, one of the last ripe, wise plays, the three to be studied in relation to each other and to other plays, as representative of the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art.

Prof. Thom will suggest a scheme for a course of Shakespeare study taking these plays successively as the bases. The first series of questions on *The Merchant of Venice*, with bibliographical or other additions by Miss Hersey of Boston, will appear in the November number and these questions with other suggestions and comment are intended to constitute leading questions for further contributions, notes, queries, and discussions. The result aimed at being to make the magazine contents, to some degree, topical.

The proposed Series of Shakespeare Illustrations may prove a fitting accompaniment to this course of reading. In the reprints from the First Folio, begun with this number (to be continued in November, and concluded with some selected notes), scarcely need it be said there is no attempt or wish to give the enticing antiquated appearance of the original type; only are they given, as may be seen, for the matter's sake. Though many readers are so familiar with what is here reprinted that they may think it almost absurd to publish them, others there are who may see the Folio prefaces here for the first time in their entirety. It should be observed, however, that they are not offered for their rarity, merely, but for their use, along with other editorial prolegomena it is arranged to publish in these supplements, in giving an implied but faithful history of Shakespearian interpretation and appreciation.

A few words remain to be said in reply to a number of inquiries received as to club organization; and, at the risk of seeming to speak oracularly of the trite, and of explaining that which may need little explanation, it is proposed to set down here for these inquirers, and for others desiring such suggestions, a few considerations about the formation and work of clubs or classes.

Pray keep the reason why you organize, foremost in mind in your work. Don't consider your club, which is a means, as anything but a means for the realization of your purpose, which is steady and progressive reading, or study, of Shakespeare, itself done in order that you may understand more fully, may appreciate and enjoy The Plays.

You want, it may be supposed, to read and study Shakespeare more devotedly than you have, knowing that it is good to do, or, perhaps, not yet knowing much of his works, yourself, you are ready to believe that what has been to the soul's good of so many, will be to yours. You feel that it is easier to do a thing you want to do regularly and systematically if you join with others who also want to do it, and that in other ways you may get and give help to do better what you want

to do, that you will have more emulation and interest in your study if others like-minded will go into it with you.

So you find out who wants to do what you want to do, and having found them, to the number of two or twenty, you get up a class or club.

A class has the advantage over a club that its leader or teacher knows the Author well, or more intimately than the rest do, and can direct your work without the intervention of plans or organization of yours. The responsibility of cutting out the work then devolves upon him, and if he is earnest and methodic, he will inspire you all, and put you to work according to some more or less consciously recognized plans of his own. In short, if the Teacher is good, a class is as much more easily prosperous, and as much less likely to get its unity broken up while in the course toward its purpose as a monarchy under a wise king is much sooner better off and less likely to be disintegrated than a democracy which must help itself gradually by dint of lifting all to a higher plane. On the other hand, if the leader is not wise, and has little knack or tact, the Class will go hardly as far as the Club; for the Club from the start requires more ability in its members to plan work as well as to do it.

As for club work it is often not followed with high enough purpose and consistency. There is no wide, general plan and detailing of members to special work lying within it. Everything is hap-hazard. No thought guides and no thought is the result. Though as good work may be done if each member think for himself, and follow diligently a chosen task of his own, using the assembly of the club as a place of report.* Still, it will be found generally, that individual members are too idle or unable to follow thoughts and topics of their own choosing, in this independent way, and so, after a spasm of vague excitement over the prospect, little work being arranged for, or done without pre-arrangement, to make the fair hopes good, the meetings drag, the lesser pleasures of the banquets get the upper hand of the intellectual aspirations and energies, and slowly, perhaps, but not less surely, the club goes to pieces. Some good does not fail to get done, by the way, doubtless, if it is merely the good of turning the attention of some one of the members to the rich browsing ground within Shakespearian pastures. This harm is also done, that it turns loose a good many cynics who henceforth look doubtingly on clubs and post up warnings thereon to the world. But was it the club that caused your failure, O! illogical cynics? Was it not rather the lack of a club "that was a club?" as Charles Lamb would say. Was it not your individual and collective idleness, your flinching motives, and your

*This, it is understood, is the plan of the New York Shakespeare Society. It has been said it has no plan, but more accurately it may be said to depend upon its member's plans.

unclubbableness which made your break-down? What is it you expect but the miraculous if you look to reap where you have not sowed.

> O! then we bring forth weeds
> When our quick minds lie still.

If you get together to associate yourselves for work, and then don't work, don't call it an association for work, and say that it came to nothing and therefore association is useless. It is precisely the uses of association that you should keep in view. And these uses unless grounded on the purpose, which is steady and progressive study, are of course not uses.

So it is often said that organization matters little. True enough relatively speaking. The work is the important thing not the tool you use in doing it. But for all that it is good you wish to know how you may handle that good tool, coöperation, which the world, though it has done many evil things through the abuse of it, scarcely yet has learned the use of for the highest purposes.

Whether you form, then, a class under a teacher or a democratic club, keep your purpose ever in view, and for this get the best machinery, but keep this machinery subordinate.

If, as many have written to us was their case, you would like to work but don't know how to begin, or, you have met with others and begun work without knowing how to go on, it seems likely that you may find just such hints and suggestions as you need from this *School*, or from the work of other societies you may hear of through the *School* and with which you may be put thus in useful connection. They may offer you encouragement and precedent, or, no less useful, some method to depart from and make fitter for your own uses. For instance: In answer to several inquiries about how to form a club, perhaps no plan of organization simpler and better for ordinary club purposes need be given than the following By-Laws of the Locke Richardson Club of Oakland, California. But while adapting it to meet your special conveniences, it will serve, of course, as a good type for differentiation:—

I. This Club shall be called the Locke Richardson Shakespeare Club.

II. Its object shall be the study and reading of Shakespeare.

III. Its membership shall not exceed fifty.

IV. It shall meet with different members in turn, on invitation, alternate Saturday evenings until May 1st, at which date it shall close.

V. Its organization shall consist of an Executive Committee of seven members, which shall include a President, two Vice-Presidents. and Secretary who shall also discharge the duties of Treasurer;

VI. It shall be the duty of the President and Vice-Presidents to preside at meetings; of the Secretary to keep the records and funds,

and of the Executive Committee to assign the work of the Club, levy assessments, and perform all other duties common to such a Committee.

VII. Any member may propose a name for membership by writing such name on paper and handing it to the Secretary. The Secretary shall keep a list of names thus proposed for membership, and in case of vacancy the Executive Committee shall select from such list a name for ballot by the club. Two adverse ballots shall exclude from election.

VIII. Two consecutive unexplained absences shall be understood as a withdrawal from the Club, and the name of such absentee omitted from the roll.

IX. The Executive Committee shall fill vacancies in its own body.

X. Necessary expenses shall be met by assessments levied on members.

XI. Meetings shall begin promptly at 7.45 P. M., and Club work shall not extent beyond two hours.

XII. No refreshments are permitted.

XII. The By-Laws may be amended at any regular meeting of the Club, by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Further, it seems likely that you will get what guidance you may need in your work from the plan of study to be given here on chosen plays, though surely you will find a point to enlarge upon here or curtail there according to your peculiar necessities. But it will not be less valuable to you because you have to use it in your own way, rather it will be the more valuable to you for your appropriation.

As to Text books, a letter Dr. Furness once wrote to the Monday Club of Des Moines, Io., may be quoted from.

"In the study of the mere text, without any commentary, the Cambridge edition of Clark and Wright is the best. I doubt, however, if any such real hard work as the use of these editions demands would be remunerative to you, and I especially doubt if you would get as much genuine enjoyment out of Shakespeare as you would if you read him in a less laborious way. There are very many cheap excellent editions, such as the Clarendon (London) and Rolfe's, and Hudson's (American), which are printed in Separate Plays, and these you can readily get. I should also strongly recommend Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, published by Macmillan. If you can afford it, it would add variety to your meetings if each one had a different edition, such as White's, Singer's, Knight's, and the Cowden-Clarke's, and Staunton's.

There is much vain talk about the different texts. Any text will do that has been issued within fifty years. All texts are more alike than unlike, and their differences (except to an exact student, which is what few can afford to be) are mostly trivial. The ground-work is

Shakespeare's and from him come the profit and the pleasure to be derived from the plays—and where you think the printers have misunderstood the passage you can punctuate for yourself."

Prof. Thom in *Class Room Study of Shakespeare* after speaking of the same three school editions adds:

> I find Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer* useful; and Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* almost indispensable. Whoever has a volume of the Furness *Variorum* edition needs little else for the play edited.

Any text book will serve that gives the text. The main thing is to read it, and to read it to understand it. Set apart some spare quarter or half hour each day for reading the play your club will take up, and don't wait till you meet to get perfectly familiar with it.

Don't substitute the opinions of others about Shakespeare for your own reading and understanding of him. What is best in him, for you, is sacredly reserved there for you to discover, however much help toward the discovery you may get by keeping help as help merely. For it need not be believed that you must eschew help of any kind, as some wise scholars have been impelled to say because they felt and felt truly that nothing should stand in the stead of the main benefit, your own peculiar impression and thought.

You might as well shut yourselves out from the experience and work and past life of other men in the material products of civilization,—because you yourself have born in you the same capabilities, will come to the same needs, and can work out similar products,—as refuse to learn by others impressions, and to enrich your associations by widening your sympathies. Why should it be forbidden to you to put two and two together to make more? Still in reading be sure that you are exercising your power to make your own product.

It may be supposed that you expect to do what you can with the plan of study the November number will offer for *The Merchant of Vœnice*. In the meanwhile get perfectly familiar with it. Treasure it up in your mind and learn it by heart. Read it, and having read it, read it again. If you are a novice or a veteran in reading Shakespeare, this advice you will find in either case good;

> to your divers capacities you will find enough both to draw and hold you, for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe:

Then see what you have got out of it, tell yourself the story and the thoughts you have gathered. Write them out patiently, the better to get hold of them. Don't try to be original, or fear to be common-place, only set down the story and the thoughts and the relations of the characters as they remain, without book, in your mind. Picture to yourself everything as vividly as you can. And then, reading over the play again you may find yourself in a fit frame of mind to be an

appreciative, and useful member of a club-meeting to read the play in assigned parts. When you meet with your associates for this reading, you will find that their reading is not altogether your reading. Agreement and opposition both will have their use in giving you new light and fresh suggestions. Discuss it as freely with others as you can. Let not the tongue-tied spirit of man hamper you, and never decline your turn in the conversation. Never think you have not facts enough to the purpose, others have no better than you have and your book furnishes. Dare to speak as you feel and you will find not only that you have unlocked hidden stores of your own but of your author's and of other peoples, and the inspiration of conversation may begin for you in your club.

Only in your reading remember you read not in order to discuss but to understand, and in your discussion that you talk not to dispute but to realize your own impressions and enlarge your mental horizon by learning what your neighbors' impressions are. Other impressions of your neighbors which you will find directly tending to your appreciation and enjoyment—because it is their business to represent thoughts and impressions visibly—are the actors of Shakespeare. If you see the play often you will see more in it in reading, and if you read it till it is intimate and familiar, you will see more in it when it is played, more perhaps than is represented, but so much the better for you.

In this way you will make ready to take up a special study of the play. The month that elapses between the opening of a *School of Shakespeare* and any tabulated study of the play, SHAKESPEARIANA would be glad to have understood as representative of a much longer time,—as a short wait between scenes is representative of necessary years of progress,—spent in a familiar and digestive reading of *The Merchant of Venice.*

THE DRAMA.

A SCHOOL FOR ACTORS.

The condition of American Dramatic Art is an important index to the status in our country, of aesthetic taste at least. Moreover, that art, reflecting as it must, not only the manners but the morals of the country and the times, deserves our most thoughtful study.

Improvements in our dramatic performances are demanded to-day by the critics, the thinking public, and the more conscientious of the actors—for the good of the actor, of his masses of auditors and spectators, and of his art of the future.

The press, the public, and these performers are well satisfied with our theatre buildings, stage settings, and the mechanical "make up" of the theatre before and behind the curtain—they are well satisfied with the frame of the picture—they want more attention to the painting itself—they ask for more of the bread and meat and wholesome drink of the "legitimate" and such other forms of the Drama as pleasantly appeal to their better senses and sympathies—they ask for more actors who aim to be artists, who are qualified by inheritance, by motive, and by education to do good work in their profession.

An endowed theatre, a new class of managers, a theatrical censor, or a Puritan uprising will not be the proper means for accomplishing the improvements sought.

We do not admire poor stage-pictures after seeing those of Henry Irving, and those of the old Booth's Theatre of New York when the latter was under Edwin Booth's direction. When we shall have once seen better acting, we shall from the front steadily demand it. And when the acting is bettered, the play will be—and not till then. We are so accustomed "to eat pie" as Mr. Jekyl says in *The Rajah,* that some of us have forgotten the taste of pudding.

It is the education of the actor which must develop a higher standard of acting, a better class of plays, and a purer public taste.

With the decadence of the stock company system in this country and of the excellent and practically thorough training it afforded the neophyte on the stage—came the necessity of something to supply the lack of stock experience.

We look abroad and see that the present advanced condition of the

drama in France, in Germany, and in Italy is closely identified with the development of Schools of Acting. These countries of Europe present in every branch of Dramatic Art examples which we in America may well follow. They have many stock companies, and many schools of acting. The first theatre in the world is the Théâtre Français with its great Conservatoire, graduating Rachel, Bernhardt and all the leading actors of the Parisian theatres. Italian schools of acting have graduated Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and the leading actors of Italy. The finest "ensemble" in the stage of any theatre is produced by the German company of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. This company is practically a school or college of acting, with a preparatory department for novices. Every large city in Germany and Austria contains a school of acting closely allied to the principal local stock-company. And it is in Germany that Shakespeare's productions are played more than any other author, and more than in any other country in the world, not excepting England.

Many Schools of Elocution and Oratory have sprung up in America and England and flourished. A few badly regulated attempts have been made in England in past times to establish a School of Acting, all of which have failed, generally, as in the case of the recent London School because of lack of method, scholarship, and want of experienced teachers.

In America, the failure of the few past attempts in this direction (all made during the past ten years, have been owing to their "single-handedness,") i.e. the attempt of one man to do what should be really the work of many acting in co-operation, as in a college. Meanwhile the only regulation of the young actors' training was to be found in the stock companies of Managers Wallack, Daly, Palmer, Harrigan and Field.

In 1881, the Madison Square Theatre, N. Y. introduced many new methods of management. In 1882, following the example of the German theatres, the proprietors of the Madison Square Theatre appointed a dramatic director. I was chosen for this office. I was at that time an instructor in Harvard University. My duties, besides those of criticisms on the Theatre's performances, included the examination into the fitness, and the preparatory coaching and training, of all novices who applied for admittance to the Madison Square Stage. This latter part of the work became very large. In the following summer I went abroad for the purpose of investigating the process of theatric training and the schools of acting in Europe, in view of establishing in the Madison Square Theatre, a completely organized training-school. During the following year, the proposed school plan however, necessarily remained subordinate to the regular theatre business. I therefore accepted the offer of Mr. P. G. Hubert, the New York architect who was at that time (1884) building the Lyceum Theatre to direct the latter, (renting it to ama-

teur societies,) and to conduct the proposed school therein. After associating myself for one year with Messrs. Gustave Frohman & Steele Mackaye,I opened with their co-operation the Lyceum Theatre School, October 1, 1884, with over one hundred students. At the close of the first school year, I separated the school from the Lyceum Theatre on account of the failure of the latter. The second year of the school opened in October 1885, under my sole management, as the New York School of Acting.

This school of acting now numbers one hundred and twenty-five graduates distributed throughout the theatrical companies in America. Students, including several professionals have come to enter it from London, Edinburgh, from Canada and all parts of the United States. The aims of the school are to draw into the actors's profession, educated ladies and gentlemen, to admit only the best qualified of these and to give the latter a thorough and practical training, in all essentials for artistic success. Its corps of Instructors now numbers about twelve—all professed and experienced teachers, several of them stage-managers or actors,and specialists, comprising members of the Lyceum, Daly's Madison Square Theatres, etc. Many lecturers on special topics are engaged yearly.

The school is carefully formulated to answer by its practices three questions:—"*Who* shall go upon the stage?" "*Where* shall they (the best qualified) go upon the stage?" and "*How* shall these naturally qualified aspirants receive necessary preparations for going upon the stage?"

The students of the school are chosen, not, as it is too often the case with the untrained actor, from the variety stage, the circus, and worse, but from the better ranks of life when possible, or wherever young men or women of proper physical or mental qualifications and right motives can be found ready. About two-thirds of the applicants received by the school are refused.

New York City is now the recognized theatrical centre of the country. It is to New York City that the aspirant for professional position must come. The principal companies are chosen, rehearsed and located in or sent to travel from that city. The city of New York contains the large number of over thirty theatres and as many more amateur societies, perhaps seven hundred and fifty established professional and three times as many amateur actors. About three hundred and more theatrical companies start from New York City each autumn.

A visit to the New York School of Acting during active session, would discover in a passage through the different rooms, classes in dancing, fencing, stage-rehearsals, and companies in reading and pantomimic practice, individuals training in special parts or in "Making-up" the face, students in rehearsals of their own, etc., etc. —these classes and individuals passing from one room to another

every hour or two, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., or all collecting to listen to a lecture or to practice "Groupings" and "Ensemble." All work is daily, and is carried on under the discipline and routine of a well-conducted theatre. All studies are undertaken for their dramatic or theatric use. The arrangement of hours of elective required studies and like matters follow collegiate methods. A two years' course is required for graduation.

The first general aim of the educational process is the training of the physical instruments, (i. e. particularly in giving thorough muscular elasticity, strength and poise to the body and to the vocal organism and in gaining skill in the technique of stage-business.)

The second general aim is to train the mind in the study of gestures, attitudes, and bearing of body—breathings, tones and tunes of speaking voice; in perception and knowledge of dramatic and general expressional effects; and in study of relations of characters.

The third general aim (comprised mainly in the second year) is to train the emotional and affectional nature in the study of plays and characters and complex dramatic effects of conception and command of the varieties of human feelings.

There are three principal departments of study. Action, Diction and Stage-Effect. Study in each and all of these three branches is daily conducted, the relative importance and length of time allotted to each being successive in the order given:—Action, (including Pantomime,) the first; Diction, (including Elocution,) the second; Stage-Effect, the third.

In connection with the study of those branches is the practical requirement of certain accomplishments, dancing, (ballet) fencing, "Make-up," costuming, French, (dramatic) Literature and the like. The students attendance at city theatres during the writer is arranged for them as a valued means of instruction. Students are also employed (especially in second year) in minor roles and as supernumeraries in the companies of Modjeska, Barrett, Wallack and others. Special public rehearsals are also given by the school in and near New York.

The school has benefited by following the methods of the Paris Conservatoire and German Theatre-Schulen, by avoiding the errors of schools that have failed in the past, and by assimilating the newest educational and theatric ideas.

Its brightest hope, however, lies in the great dramatic possibilities of the people of this country. It can afford to be self supporting (free from patronage) and rely for its success upon the thoroughness of its teachings, and the excellence of its results. The amalgamation of races in this country, the nerve, exciting climate, the ambition—stirring, national development, the variety of physical conditions in our large country, our sturdy inheritance from our English ancestors, and our "esprit" derived from the French—all con-

tribute to make us a dramatic race. It is from the new far West, and the old South, that our best talent comes. There is still too much crudeness in the life here and too much "business" effort for the deepest encouragement of artistic worth. But that encouragement is growing.

This new training-ship, the New York School of Acting, needs the breathing of that encouragement to keep it progressive. The school has existed two years. Upholding high aims of moral as well as of æsthetic training for the stage, for thoughtful as well as for entertaining performance, it surely deserves success, and may live to reform much that needs reformation on our Theatrical Board.

May the New York School of Acting do its work steadily, thoroughly, modestly and help our country to be a home of National Drama,—of a creative dramatic art.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

LITERARY NOTES.

The ninth volume of the fifth edition, complete in ten volumes, of the Works of Shakespeare, revised and edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co., of London. Vol. IX., 8vo., pp. 440. Price, 9*s*.

A miniture edition of Shakespeare, with a Glossary and Life, by J. Talfourd Blair, is announced for issue this Autumn, from the press of A. C. Armstrong & Son of New York.

Prof. Henry Morley's excellent edition of *Hamlet*, issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., in the series known as *The National Library*, has a worthy successor in his edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, out last month. It contains an Introductory Note of value by Prof. Morley; and *The Adventures of Giannetto* from *Il Pecorone* of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino; the piece in *The Orator* of Alexander Silvayn, of 1596, *of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian; Gernutus, the Jew of Venice*, from Percy's *Reliques;* and other illustrative notes of the story, as found in the *Decameron*, the *Confessio Amantis*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, are appended. The whole volume, uniting a good text, with choice elucidation and illustration for so ridiculous a sum when compared with its contents, is indeed such a clear case of the gold of the King's Treasury becoming the dust of the Highway that it irresistibly must coin the dimes of all appreciators of literature who see it into these little greenish-brown paper covered volumes, as unambitious as the third casket of dull lead, yet quite as satisfactory in the contents

as was the scroll that rewarded Bassanio's choice of the basest chest. (Cassell's National Library, No. 30. 32mo., paper, pp. 192. Price, 3*d.* or 10 cts.)

The same firm issue also *The Shakspeare Reading Book*, Series 1, 2, and 3, (price, 3*s.* 6*d.*), by H. Courthope Bowen. It consists of selections from the plays most likely to interest young people, graduated to suit the age of the pupil. A system of marks is used to designate words which need emphasis in reading, and syllables which require accent. This may prove of service to direct the young student how to render the passage correctly; but there is always the danger that such prompting may go too far, and help the pupil so much that he will not think for himself, and help himself along to the true meaning of a given passage. If the teachers, now, who would do well, doubtless, to introduce some such reading matter to their classes, would but stir up a little healthy dispute where they may as to the appropriateness of Mr. Bowen's directions, what straws to show which way the wind of thought blows might these little black marks become.

Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, edited by H. B. Sprague, is issued by Winchell, of Chicago.

Another new edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's ever popular *Tales from Shakespeare* is printed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The editor is Mr. Alfred Ainger, and he contributes an interesting and instructive introduction. (Post. 8vo., pp. 366. Price 5*s.* or $1.25.)

Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Sir Walter Raleigh* is a peculiarly interesting contribution to the series of *English Worthies*. Unlike most of the previous histories of Raleigh it dwells upon his "personal career disengaged from the history of his time." It is published by Longmans Green & Co. (12mo., pp. 242. Price, 2*s.* 6*d.*). An American edition is published by Appleton & Co. of New York, (price 75cts.)

1750 Examination Questions on English History, by Oxon., published by Sonnenschein & Co., is a reference book for students of English History, which will have a use also to the special students of Elizabethan History. The book is made up of a series of questions, taken from various sources and arranged chronologically, and under each head is given a list of references to standard works, noting also the page or pages where the information may be found.

John McCullough, Miss Adelaide Neilson, and the Wallack family, besides Edwin Booth ,Lawrence Barrett, and Ellen Terry, are on Mr. William Winter's list of subjects for the histrionic biographies he is now preparing for publication by Mr. George J. Coombes, of New York.

Seven Decades of an Actor's Life on and off the Stage, is the title of a book of reminiscences just completed for the press, by James Anderson, the veteran English actor.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT MAGAZINES. — In the *Contemporary Review* for August, in *Perigot*, pp. 239–252, Vernon Lee writes some characteristic random notes ápropos of the Pastoral Players in Coombe Park last Summer, and of Lady Archibald Campbell's recent article concerning the play they gave, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdesse*. She comments upon the growth of realism —meaning thereby "the observation of things as they are and the consequent faculty for their faithful reproduction"—considering its progress especially on the Stage, and mainly on the Shakespearian Stage. There, modern realism overlays and masks much of the childish unrealities of an earlier world which knew not the *Comédie Humaine*, *Madame Bovary*, the *Wahlverwandschaften* and *Middlemarch*. In instance of Shakespeare's "extraordinary blindness of the humanly possible," of the want of the "perception of what is and what is not," she says:—

> Oliver, in *As You Like It*, could not have suddenly turned from an utter scoundrel into a fit husband for Celia; nor could Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, have instantly married off an unknown brother of the person she was in love with, on discovering that person to be a woman. Such things are impossible, due to absolute carelessness, want of habit of realizing situations; they are as utterly silly and childish as to stick three rosebuds and a box sprig into the ground and call the arrangement a garden.

Remarking on the engrafting of realism upon his drama, she says:—

> The text is studied—even the most florid passages like Queen Mab and some of Hamlet's speeches—so as to abstract from every word whatever indication of gesture or intonation it might possibly contain, whatever dramatic essence the author failed to put in, and the critics insist upon putting in for him. Everything has to be made real, and hence the difficulty which a large amount of Shakespeare evidently presents to men like Salvini or Irving; they insist upon clearing up points which Shakespeare was evidently satisfied with overlooking; upon rendering life-like what the great poet had grandly left lifeless. * * *
>
> While reading *Othello* our powers of understanding and sympathizing are constantly being appealed to: we master the situation, the miserable meeting of this man and this woman, each noble, but each destined to be the others victim; we see where the mischief lies, we feel where we could ourselves have helped. The mere catastrophe, the few minutes of Desdemona's murder, are the least thing; the tragedy has been in Othello's soul, and is virtually over by this time. It is different in Salvini's representation. Here the murder is the chief interest—all works up towards it. We go away morally bruised and sickened by this sight, indifferent to all else. Comprehension, all were swept away by sheer horror. The spiritual physiognomy of the person is crowded out of our mind by the mere visible appearance of Othello, and all else of the play, all the rest of the action, all the poetry of Shakespeare, pales and vanishes by its side.
>
> But Salvini is a great, a very great actor, one of the very greatest, in scenes like

this one, that has ever lived. Undoubtedly. But is the art of Shakespeare realistic in the same sense as is the art of Salvini?

And, in the first place, can we of the end of the nineteenth century fairly judge what Shakespeare's art really is? In order to do so we must, so far as we can, remove the network of thoughts and feeling with which each succeeding generation of critics, of actors, and of readers have overlaid the original work. I sometimes doubt whether, even after all our trouble, we could see the real Shakespeare, so utterly have we corrupted the text of what he represents to our soul. The many scholars and societies who labour to give us back the original word and meaning of what he wrote are, in reality, defeating their own object: every explanation is virtually an interpolation, an alteration; and Shakespeare's plays are by this time one mass of such interpolations and alterations. A book like that of Gervinus, for instance, is to my mind a perfect pest; and had Gervinus been a man of greater powers, it would have been a still greater one, if possible.

The besetting sin of all Shakespeare criticism, of all criticism, nay, of all intellectual manipulation whatsoever, is the mania for reducing a heterogeneous thing to a very simple formula. The extraordinary insight into character which Shakespeare undoubtedly possessed, and his fondness for generalizing on questions of feeling and conduct—peculiarities, by the way, which were shared by his great contemporaries, Webster and Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, nay, even Marston and Heywood—these psychological elements in Shakespeare, which are the elements also most akin to our modern mind, have misled us into imagining that the art of Shakespeare is deliberately, consistently, nay, almost exclusively, psychological. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that psychology is not the main object of Shakespeare's art, but if that art may be said to have any main object, it is merely to please by many and various means, of which the study of character is only one. The Shakespearian drama may, I think, be defined (since we can never escape the demon of definition) as the rough union of various artistic elements agreeable to his contemporaries into a whole which should give them the greatest aggregate of artistic pleasure; the exposition of some interesting action, spiced and garnished with every sort of extraneous thing, with high lyrism, buffoonery, wit, poetic fancy, obscenity, philosophy, and fashionable euphuism. The action is neither all-engrossing nor absolutely realized. The spectators take a considerable pleasure in the murder of the King, or the trial of the Merchant; but they are so far from absorbed by this situation that they can attend to and delight in all manner of irrelevancies.

Shakespeare is not merely frequently indifferent to the possibility of a situation (as in the various sudden conversations of scoundrels, the cool interchanging of brides and bridegrooms, the cheerful acceptance of amazing discoveries), he is constantly violating all realism of detail. He constantly indulges in speeches which entirely disfigures a character and deaden a situation; he can no more resist a metaphorical or philosophical tirade in the midst of hurry and passion, than Rossini can resist a nice roulade in the midst of agony. There is in Shakespeare (if I may be permitted to continue my musical simile) much fine, free, natural recitative, with occasional intense poignacy of intonation; there is occasionally an instrumental bar or two of deeply imaginative suggestiveness, either serene or ill-omened, like Banquo and Duncan's little conversation about the marlets, and the old man's story of Duncan's horses after the murder; but there is also an infinite amount of pure undramatic art, singing and fiddling for singing and fiddling's own sake. Macbeth's speech to the murderers can be compared only with a most intricate fugue, and I know of no composer who would have put a fugue in such a scene; compare with this metaphysical disquisition the rapid action of a much more lyrical and metaphysical poet, of Shelley in the similar scene in the "Cenci." Hamlet's speeches to the ghost constitute a grand aria as florid as any in *Semiramide;* the beautiful scene beginning

"In such a night as this," in *Merchant of Venice*, is a perfect Mozartian duet between Jessica and Lorenzo, warbling at each other like Tamino Pamina.

I think, therefore, that Shakespeare's art, essentially pageant-like and decorative, and, if I may say so, operatic, accepted situations and characters only in a general way. I doubt whether, with the single exception of *Othello*, Shakespeare was either a skilful conductor of action, like Calderon or Racine, or (in comedy) Goldoni, or a deliberate psychologist or reconstructor of character, like Schiller in *Wallenstein*, or Goethe in *Tasso*. He frequently realized character and situation with amazing power (as, with a lesser genius, did Webster), and his conceptions were nearly always coherent, but he troubled himself little about developing. * *

All that deliberate psychology belonged to the period of literature for the closet; it could come only after Richardson and Rousseau; it required the sedentary, self-analyzing habits of novel readers.

Considering all this she concludes in a word that Shakespeare was not our contemporary, nor his audiences ours. But that since along with increase of realism has gone the increase of the desire for the unreal, since with Manet and Raffaelli is Burne Jones, and with George Eliot is William Morris, so it is that "of all people we realists of the Nineteenth Century are perhaps the most in need of imaginative art, in want of the great pageant master Shakespeare."

The *Catholic World* for October brings to notice *Something Touching the Lord Hamlet* (pp. 29–42), by Mr. Appleton Morgan. It is a readable and reasonable character sketch of Hamlet as Shakespeare portrays him throughout the course of the play. Its bearing being to plead against "the exegesis which credits Hamlet the Dane with madness, indecision, a disjointed and diseased will, or other insignia of a mind diseased;" and by considering the Hamlet of the First Folio apart from a "certain finical over-study of the crude *Hamblett* of Belleforest," or the *Amleth* of the Saxo Grammaticus, to correct that æsthetic criticism which leaves "the perfect work of a master to go back to the childhood of a re-utilized tale, for an inconsequent and irresponsible lunatic 'who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of a court-jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of sorrow or remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave; and finally, goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure, in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life ever, recorded.'"

The passage quoted, it may be explained, occurs in *The Subjection of Hamlet*, by Mr. Wm. Leighton, a book published several years ago, and Mr. Morgan's article takes this as the text of the theory he brings the play in witness to discredit. First he points out that Hamlet "'in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations,' must ever be and remain an Englishman." Not a Dane, but "an English Prince in waiting; in his minority entitled to princely maintenance, but only so long as he remains a cipher in the State. In this sense only can

the King say to him, 'Be as ourselves in Denmark.' The Crown-Prince who should trifle with State affairs would have become in Tudor, or Elizabethan usage, on the instant a crown prisoner."

His restive mood, and difficult position in court is shown from the opening of the play; his rational turn of mind is shown in the fact that the ghost to convince him, unlike other Shakespearian ghosts, must be visible to outsiders, and proved to be not a creature of his own fancy; and that even this was not enough, and that "the lawyer and acute and accomplished weigher of evidence

> Must have ground
> More relative than this."

The scene after the King is "frighted with false fire" is shown to be an outbreak of exultation at the success of his stratagem. His interview with Ophelia is seen to be the necessary leave-taking of love, for devotion to a hard task. And thereafter all the action of the play goes to show Hamlet's tenacious struggle with Claudius and with fate, and his need in dying to say to Horatio,—

> Endure the buffeting of life to say a word for me: show why I broke Ophelia's heart, by mischance killed her harmless old father, why I took the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds: put down the poisoned cup, and tarry here to report me and my cause aright; nothing extenuate, but tell the story of harsh fate and of my duty all, all done! "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," do this for Hamlet! "The rest is silence!"

MISCELLANY.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.—On Sunday, 22d August, the Parish Church at Stratford-on-Avon, having been closed for a month past for the much talked of restoration, was re-opened for service. Minor matters connected with the repairs and changes undertaken have stirred up much controversy, and each issue of the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* for several weeks past has added to the discussion some editorial notes or some vehement letters from contributors who had various opinions concerning the removal of the galleries, the widening of the centre aisle, or the free seat system proposed, etc. In all of which, of course, there is scarcely a passing interest felt by lovers of Shakespeare's fame. Though they will be glad to know that the disappointing, white-washed looking and cluttered-up interior of the celebrated church has been improved and made to look more spacious, especially if they have contributed anything of their substance to the Restoration Fund, but otherwise, their interest in the controversies warmly waged yet in Stratford will be rekindled only in hearing that

the removal of the Hart tablet—as described in the September number of this Magazine—is still disregarded and that the inquiries made about it have remained unanswered.

Mr. W. G. Colbourne, a member of the Restoration Committee, has written and published a letter declaring that his committee gave no instructions for the removal of any of the mural tablets, and that some individual member must have taken upon himself that responsibility. Whereupon Mr. Timmins wrote the following letter which appeared in *The London Times* of Monday, the 23d August:—

Sir,—the letter of Sir John Lubbock contains one sentence which is especially interesting as to the need for protecting not merely ancient monuments, like Stonehenge, but churches and other buildings of national interest.

Sir John Lubbock says that "when the owner allows a monument of national interest to fall into ruin, or, *a fortiori*, if he proposes to destroy it himself, the nation should have the option of purchase at a fair price."

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has not attempted to answer the letters which appeared in the *Times* of August 3d; and a recent Mayor of Stratford gives the following account in the *Birmingham Daily Post* of this day as to the way in which the restoration is being accomplished:—

Sir,—As a member of the committee for the restoration of the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, I beg to state that it was not with my knowledge or consent that the mural tablet to the memory of George Hart and also other tablets have been removed from the walls of the church and I may add that it has been done by someone without asking the consent of the restoration committee; and, also, that the committee have not since their removal been called together by their chairman, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, to investigate the matter and order their re-instatement. W. G. COLBOURNE.

Stratford-on-Avon, August 18th.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Who is the "someone" who gives orders for such wreckage? Last autumn the fine avenue of lime trees was ruthlessly lopped of branches by "some one," but nobody knows who gave the order.

The tablet named has now been placed in the present vestry, but intending donors will want to know who is the "some one" responsible. The removal of anything from the inside of a church is sacrilege, but the removal of the memorials of the dead from the outer walls to be kicked into fragments as a kerb-stone would have been accomplished with impunity but for the vigilance of the Press.

Is it not time to consider whether national "memorials" like Stratford Church should not be protected from mutilation by the

owner or someone, who like Gallio, cares for none of these things?—
Faithfully yours, SAM: TIMMINS, One of the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Hill Cottage, Arley, Coventry, August 19th.

In writing thus, Mr. Timmins spoke with due privilege on behalf of those who, though not parishioners, of Stratford Church, have right and interest there through the greatest of all its parishoners, William Shakespeare, and whose right and interest there on the score of his, has been appealed to with much flourish of trumpets by the powers that be in Stratford, for encouragement and for means to carry on this work. This work, as it now seems, was planned by some autocrat of the Restoration Board. Mr. Timmins' question,—Who is the autocrat,—receives a reply in a letter from the Vicar of Stratford which appeared in the *Stratford Herald* of September 3d. In this he answers three letters on church matters. A few words at the close in response to the third letter, which is the one quoted above, alone concerns Shakespearians.

* * To the third letter I cannot respond in such cordial terms. It is copied from the *Times*, and is from a correspondent who signs himself "Sam Timmins." He complains that I have not answered a previous letter of his on the subject of church restoration. May I ask, who is Mr. Sam Timmins? Is he a parishioner? Is he even a subscriber to the work? Or is he one of those silly persons who think that they acquire a certain notoriety by writing to the papers? If I answered all the foolish things that are written about Stratford, or my work there, I should require to keep a private secretary. Let me tell Mr. Timmins that, if the editor of the *Times* has been silly enough to insert his letters, I am, at least, not silly enough to answer them, and that my parishioners are quite able to keep me in check if I attempted to "wreck" their church,—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. ARBUTHNOT.

Clifton Down Hotel, Clifton, near Bristol, August 30, 1886.

From this all those people who have been interested in the repairs of Holy Trinity, for Shakespeare's sake may gather who it is who is the responsible member of the Restoration Committee, but they will get little good of their discovery, for scarcely will they be able to gather from this letter anything else to the purpose. In truth nothing may come of this but disaffection.

An editorial item in the *Stratford Herald* adds this news:

The Hart tablet, after occupying two positions in the churchyard, has now been removed inside the church, and probably it is intended to "restore" the stone (the last line having been chipped off), and then place it in its original position.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, contributed some judicious words to the discussion in the following letter to the *London Times*:—

You lately published a letter on the Stratford Shakespeare memorials from the pen of Mr. Sam. Timmins, the editor of the admirably-executed parallel texts of *Hamlet*, and one to whom the literary public of Birmingham have for many years been so largely indebted. Mr. Timmins being also one of the Vicar's colleagues in the Birthplace Trust, and well known to be better acquainted with the history of the local objects of interest than any one in the county, the following onslaught upon him by the latter gentleman, which appears in the local press, will probably be read with some surprise:—"May I ask who is Mr. Sam. Timmins? Is he a parishioner? Is he even a subscriber to the work? Or is he one of those silly persons who think that they acquire a certain notoriety by writing to the papers? Let me tell Mr. Timmins that, if the Editor of the *Times* has been silly enough to insert his letters, I am, at least, not silly enough to answer them, and that my parishioners are quite able to keep me in check if I attempted to wreck their church." Reflections of this kind would be hardly worth notice were they not among the indications of a determination on the part of some of the leading inhabitants of Stratford to suppress as far as possible all outside adverse criticism on their dealings with the Shakespeare monuments, or at least to limit such criticisms to those who are either parishioners or subscribers. But money in such cases is not always forthcoming under an uncertainty of procedure, and this no doubt is the reason of the names of Mr. Timmins and others not being found in the subscription list. The Vicar fails to see that a recent transaction is an indubitable evidence that the present distributors of the restoration fund are lacking in that reverential enthusiasm which alone entitles them to send round the hat to the public in the name of Shakespeare. It will be a great pity if the Shakespeare memorials in Stratford Church are not scheduled to the Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, and it would also be desirable that an object of such general interest as the Birthplace should be placed under a more representative management. Any movement in the former direction must be undertaken by persons of more influence than myself, but the latter object can be gradually accomplished under a provision in the trust deed, and steps will before long be taken to carry it out.

And Mr. Timmins himself writes at length in the *Stratford Herald* of September 16, a full exposition of the matter which may well be the "end-all here" of this restoration controversy:—

Sir,—The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon is as hard to please as the soldier who, when flogged, complained that the lash always touched him too high or too low.

When one correspondent writes to *The Times* as a "Stratford Parishioner," the Vicar snubs and ignores him because he does not give his name. When another has the courage to sign his name he is called

"silly," and told that he merely wants to advertise himself. Even the editor of *The Times* is called "silly" because he, in his discretion, thought proper to publish the two letters which the Vicar does not condescend to notice except by two letters in the *Stratford Herald.*

A Kentucky man was once asked if his people always answered one question by asking another? "Du they?" was his answer. The Vicar has taken Kentucy as his example, and answers some awkward questions by asking some which answer themselves. A Vicar may ask questions; a parishioner must not, but must accept the *ipse dixit* of a Vicar as infallible and final.

The Vicar's first question is, "Who is Mr. Sam. Timmins?" This is his fun. He knows me well enough; and if he did not, and if he is sufficiently friendly and familiar with his own parishioners, he could have been told that I have been well-known in Stratford for more than thirty years. He does know, however, that I am one of the trustees of the Birth-place and New Place Trusts; that I am not an *ex-officio* member thrust upon the board by accident, whether interested in the work and fit for the duty or not. He knows—or ought to know—that I was chosen, without any canvassing by friends or myself, because they thought I deserved the honour, which I value highly. If he wants to know more, let me inform him that I have been on very friendly terms with two former Vicars, with the late Mr. E. F. Flower, Mr. W. O. Hunt, and many others, long before he left Arundel to come to Stratford. If he desires more, he shall have the whole story of my life, and he will see that I have never been a stirrer of strife, or one "who troubleth Israel;" and he may have some of my printed discourses, which might be acceptable to his congregation—as a change.

His next question is—"Is he a parishioner?" and he answers his own question, for he knows I am not, and, no doubt, he secretly rejoices that such is the fact. It may interest him to know that as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, as a member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and also of the Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead, I should, if residing in Stratford, have carefully watched "restorations" and removals of tablets, and should have found out the unknown "some one" of whom Mr. Alderman Colbourne wrote.

His third question, "Has he subscribed to the fund?" has been already answered in the very first of the two letters, which he has evidently read, and in which I said, "Many local Shakespearians (he will please note that I did *not* advertise myself) decline to subscribe except for such reparations as were approved by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in an admirable survey and report some three years ago." This report, dated the 4th of May, 1884, is now before me, and, if its wise counsels had been followed, no

"burning question" would have arisen, and I should have urged many American and Colonial friends to subscribe, and should have subscribed myself.

The Vicar, with a defective memory, a faulty logic, and some facts which are, at least, inexact, insinuates rather than argues that I had no right to interfere. Let me remind him of these facts. He wrote to the *Times*, and begged from Americans (especially) and Colonials help to restore the Church, and he made a very special appeal to the "numerous *body* [*sic*] who know and delight in our poet's plays." On the very day that his letter appeared in *The Times* the local evening papers announced that the Hart tablet had been pulled down, used as a kerb-stone, seriously damaged, and threatened with complete destruction!

As a Shakespearian student, and one well-known to other Shakespearians in Germany, the United States, and the Colonies, it was my clear and simple duty to call attention to this reckless sacrilege of the worst kind. I wrote nothing, I said nothing, I knew nothing, except from the news received from Stratford. I cut out the paragraph and sent it to *The Times* with ten lines of very mild comment (under the circumstances), and made "an earnest protest" against the "removal and neglect of monumental slabs." I accused no one, I blamed no one, I suspected no one, I asked for no inquiry, and for this "earnest protest," based on Stratford facts, of which I had no personal knowledge, the Vicar pours out the vials of his wrath upon me!

My second letter was more severe, but not half severe enough. All the facts were based on Mr. Alderman Colbourne's manly letter, giving a curious peep behind the scenes of the Restoration Committee, and in which it was stated that the Chairman, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, had not called the Committee together to consider or explain, to inquire or protest! "Some one" had done it; "some one" had blundered, but the Chairman of the Committee did not trouble to consult his colleagues, or to find out who the "some one" was. His ideal committee seems to be, according to the old story, a committee of two, the chairman to have a casting vote, and himself to be chairman.

Since that letter was written I have visited Stratford, and have found that several other monumental slabs have been removed from the north wall of the church, leaving glaring white spaces on the old, grey, time-worn walls as a silent protest against "some one" not yet named. I deny the moral, and I doubt the legal, rights of any vicar to remove still-legible memorials of the dead, for which, doubtless, some former vicar has duly received fees. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark" read inside the church has a curious commentary on the outside walls. Shakespeare seems to have foreseen such desecrations, and to have warned the disturbers of the memories of the dead by these famous lines:—

Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

The Vicar indulges in a flourish of trumpets on his free church and open seats, which are well enough for the living, but there should be some regard and reverence by "some one" for the memorials of the dead. If this practice is continued and the right stands unquestioned by a court of law, how long will the Clopton Chapel be safe? The family is long ago extinct, the space would be useful for the congregation, and some future Vicar may think it his duty to remove the venerable tombs.

I claim distinctly a right to comment on the recent proceedings, as a student of Shakespeare, a love of antiquities, and as one who reveres the memorials of the dead, however humble. Even the most savage tribes respect the relics of their dead, and it is quite time that places of natural interest like Stratford Church should be rescued from "restoring" vicars, from "some one" who, ghoul-like, works in darkness, and from those who, like the Vicar of Stratford, give us no word of regret, offer no explanation, make no inquiry, and only dispute the right of any one not a "parishioner," or "subscriber," to interfere.

My case about these removals and destructions is that of large numbers at Stratford, of all lovers of Shakespeare the wide world over, and of every Englishman who is proud of the monuments of his country, and who honours the resting-places and memorials of the dead.

Stratford-on-Avon has been unfortunate as to its clerical residents. The Rev. Mr. Gastrill, who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree and pulled down New Place, left Stratford "amid the execrations of its inhabitants," more than a hundred years ago. A few years later Shakespeare's monument in the chancel was barbarously treated. Early in the present century the beautiful vestry over the charnel-house was pulled down and destroyed, leaving "not a wrack behind." It is surely time that any right to remove or ruin should be questioned and quashed, and that "Ancient Monuments" and "Memorials of the Dead" should not be left to the thoughtless or careless tenant-for-life of a vicarage, or of any Restoration Committee, to be altered or destroyed.

The earlier reparations were carefully and reverently made, and if the same care had been continued there would have been no reason for complaints. No archæologist or Shakespearian will be willing to help unless "some one" is discovered and deprived of the power to do further mischief to so venerable a fabric, and until the Restoration Committee has full control of the work and is publicly responsible for any alterations which it may be necessary to make.

Faithfully yours,

SAM: TIMMINS.

Fillongley, Coventry, 7th September, 1886.

A Keeper of Relics Needed.—Mr. George Bentley writes to *The Athenæum* of August 28th, to inquire if Charles Lamb's grave is looked after at all; to deplore the removal from York Cathedral of the characteristic figure of Archbishop Blackburn playing the violin; to declare that Gray's inscription on his brother's tomb at Stoke Pogis, needs attention; also the tomb in Upton-cum-Chalvey, which celebrates a woman, 'who dared to be just in the days of George II;' and concludes,—'what a noble office would be *The Keeper of Relics!* Won't you say a word in favor of the creation of such an office?' with the thought still in mind of the Hart tablet castaway to uses of a curb stone, 'the last line having been chipped off' by boot heels not yet worn out, who that values the smallest familiar associations with that most loveable of Poets, of whom we know so little, William Shakespeare, will not appreciate Mr. Bentley's suggestion; and stand ready to do what may fall in his way to urge some measure that will lessen petty Vandalisms?

Scientists at Shakespearian Shrines.—Among the pilgrimages of pleasure arranged for the Assembly, at Birmingham, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was a journey to Stratford, on the fourth of last month. Mr. Sam: Timmins, on behalf of the Trustees, received the members of the Association at Shakespeare's Birth-place; and at the Chapel of the Guild the distinguished visitors, were met by the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, who conducted them over the ancient Grammar School, and the Chapel over both of which he has charge. In the days when little Will Shakespeare's 'shining morning face' looked upon them, the school was undergoing repairs, and the Chapel was used for classes, and this fact, Mr. Laffan reminded the guests may have suggested the allusion to Malvolio as being,

> Cross-gartered villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school in the Church.
> T. N. III, ii.

At the memorial building, Mr. F. Hawley, its competent Librarian, and Mr. Edgar Flower, one of its generous friends, were the hosts, and presented to the attention of their visitors the accomplishments and the aims of the Shakespeare Memorial.

In the absence of the Vicar, the Chaplain, the Rev. F. Smith, received them at the Church, and in the Evening at the Town Hall, they took tea with the Mayor, who made them a speech of welcome, in the course of which the Hart tombstone came to the for again in this wise,—

He should like to say one little word about a certain tablet, which, he was sorry to say, had derived something like an unenviable notoriety. Now, might he be allowed to say, as one of the members of the Restoration Committee—and he felt he was speaking very much in the name of the Restoration Committee when he said it—that that tablet which was removed from the place where it had been

for so many years was now about to be replaced inside the church instead of outside, on the wall and near the very place where it was outside—(applause). He had received a letter from the Vicar authorising him (the speaker) to place that tablet in the spot which he had endeavoured to indicate to them; but for two reasons he had hesitated to do so. In the first place he had no right to assume a responsibility for the action of his friends on the Restoration Committee, and in the next place he hoped before it was put up that the inscription, or the words of the inscription that were wanted, might be inserted. He believed that that tablet, which was made of Wilmcote blue stone, had peeled, and he sincerely trusted that it would be thoroughly restored.

A visit in similar token of the interest felt in Shakespearian relics and associations, was made last month to Hollingsbury Copse, by the members of the British Medical Association, then holding its annual meeting in Brighton. *The Nation* of September 9th, had this to say of it:—

Though the Copse is three miles from the city and more than four hundred feet above it, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps often walks home from town, and no doubt many of the pilgrims were pedestrians. They were well paid for their pains. The early Shakespearian relics consist of about fifteen hundred separate articles illustrative of the personal and literary history of the cosmopolitan dramatist; no other collections, not even those at Stratford-on-Avon, possessing anything like so large a number of authentic memorials of biographical interest. Sparing no expense or exertion for many years, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps would seem to have long ago gleaned every grain that could be picked up in the field of his special research. Yet among the forty-seven articles specially described in the pamphlet printed for the convenience of the medical visitors, five are recent acquisitions and never had been exhibited before their visit. One of these five is the first edition of *Pierce Penilesse*, the earliest work—even earlier than Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*—in which there is an allusion to any of the plays of Shakespeare. Only one other copy is known to be extant. Another is the head of Shakspere in an oval, engraved by Stafford in 1655, of such rarity that only three other copies are known. A third is three of the original title-deeds of Shakespeare's residence, New Place—the only ones of the poet's time known to exist, dated 1532, 1563, and 1567. Title-deeds long after those years were jealously guarded by their owners (American public registries being unknown); and, as Shakespeare never mortgaged the estate, these three indentures, which are preserved un-injured, may be fairly included among the very few personal relics of the dramatist upon the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained. These documents were recently discovered by Mr. Richard Sims of the British Museum in the

archives of a county family, and at once came into the possession of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Never was there a better confirmation of the text "He that seeketh findeth." Another curiosity, which deserves to be styled a "preciosity," is a fragment of four leaves only, but unique, no other vestige of a copy having as yet come to light, of the first edition, 1598, of the first part of *Henry IV.* It contains the only existing record of what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps holds to be the true reading in *Poins's* speech: "How the *fat* rogue roared!" It is something, he says, at this late day to recover even one lost word of the immortal text. But the pearl and pride of his accumulations—he has hung it in his dining-room that his eyes may feast on it as he breaks his daily bread—is a proof-copy of the Droeshout portrait of 1623. In the guide to his guests, accordingly, he has printed a page from the art critic, Fairholt, as well as the testimony of the late Director of the National Portrait Gallery, "whose knowledge of early engraving was unrivalled," to thicken other proofs which to some beholders might demonstrate thinly, that his engraving "is the *only* likeness of Shakespeare in existence which has come down to us in a genuine, original, unaltered state."

An Unpublished Letter of Shakespeare's Patron.—In the *Athenæum* of September 11th appears an unpublished letter of Shakespeare's patron, The Earl of Pembroke, which has come to light through the researches made at Hatfield by Mr. Thomas Tyler. The relations of William Herbert to Shakespeare and to the Sonnets, if the Herbert-Fitton theory regarding them be considered, makes this letter of especial interest. It was written from Ramsbury, September 2nd, 1601 to Sir Robert Cecil, Her Majesty's Secretary, its occasion being Elizabeth's refusal to renew the patent of the Forest of Dean.

And the reason for this blow, his disgrace and banishment from Court seems to have been his amour with the Maid of Honor, Mrs. Mary Fitton.

The Sir Edward spoken of was Sir Edward Winter, who later, 1608, as an entry in the Calendar of State Papers shows, surrendered the office of keeping the woods and deer in the Forest of Dean previous to its grant again to Pembroke.

The letter reads:—

Sr. What love and thankfulness you could have expected from me if I had prevayled, the same to to (*sic*) the best of my power you shall find me ready ready (*sic*) to performe on all occasions now, I am disgraced. Her Matie, as I heard when she promised Mr. Mumphersons a park after my Lo: yor father's death, when she knew how nearely it concerned my Lo: Burleigh in honor, recalled her promise, preserved my Lo: honour and gratiously satisfyed her servant an other way, If it had pleased her Matie as gratiously to have conceaved, in this matter of the forrest of Deane, of that poore reputation I was desirous to preserve, the maintenance whereof might have enabled to doe her Matie more honor and service than now I am able to performe, I should have bene happy and Sr Edward might an other

way as well have bene satisfyed. But since her Ma^tie hath in her wisdome thought fitt to lay this disgrace upon me: I accuse nothing but mine owne vnworthines, wch since I so plainly read in mine owne fortunes I will alter my hopes, and teach them to propose vnto themselvs no other ends than such as they shall be sure to receaue no disgraoe in. The haulk that is once cauuast will the next time take heede of the nett, and shall I that was borne a man and capable of reason committ greater folly than byrds that haue nought but sence to direct them? If her Ma^tie make this the returning way for her fauor though it be like the way of Salvation narrowed and crooked, yet my hopes dare not trauell thorough the ruggednes of it, for they stumble so often, that before they come half way they despaire of passing such difficulties. There be some things yet in her Ma^tie's hands to dispose of, wch if it would pleas her to grace me w^th might happely in some measure patch vp my disgrace in the opinion of the world. But I have vowed never again to be a sutor, since in my first sute I haue receaued such a blow. I should be infinitely bound unto you if you could but gett a promise that I should haue leaue to trauell after the Parliament; it would make me more able to doe her Ma^tie and my country service and lessen if not wipe out the memory of my disgraces, but whatsoever shall become of me, I will ever wish you all happiness and continue

Yo^r most affectionate frend, to be commanded,

PEMBROKE.

AUCTION SALES.—A copy of the third Folio Shakespeare bound by Lewis was bought by Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £139, at the auction sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 28th of July. He secured also the Second Folio, another fine copy, for £59.

Green, Peele, Webster and Marlowe's Dramatic works, only twelve printed, by W. Pickering, on large paper, was bought at the same sale by Mr. H. Stevens, for £30.

The Library of the late Mr. N. P. Simes, of Strood Park, Horsham, sold earlier, on the 9th of the same month, contained the rare 1637 edition of *Hamlet*, printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and the *King Lear* of 1655, which had a few of the head lines cut into, but was otherwise a good copy. The former brought £50, the latter £10.

A large paper edition of Dyce's Shirley, and Gifford's Ben Jonson, also a large paper copy, were among the books belonging to the Earl of Clare, sold by the Messrs. Sotheby on the 12th of August.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.—Seeing recently a new item of "Shakesperiana" entitled "The Poet Priest" showing many passages of Holy Writ paraphrased by the poet, I wondered if the following anecdote was known to your readers. It is an actor's story of a Mr. Woodward, who resided at College Green, Dublin, opposite the Irish House of Representatives. A very unpopular bill was at the time before the assembly. A great mob had congregated in order to coerce the members not to vote for the unpopular measure to become law. In order to carry their point they deemed it necessary to swear them that they would not vote for the measure. The door of the actor was besieged by the turbulent mob, who persisted that a member of the family should throw them out a bible. The actor's wife was in a state

of alarm, not knowing in her excitement where to put her hand on one. A book was handed to her, the first that could be procured, which turned out to be a volume of Shakepeare's plays. This was handed to the rioters, who received it with cheers. After administering an oath to several of the members upon the next most precious writings to the one they thought most binding upon the consciences of their opponents, the precious volume was safely restored to the owners, and its historical association prized afterwards. It, is, perhaps, the only instance on record of an oath being administered upon a copy of the poet's writings, although a less sacred volume in the estimation of our people might have been fated to be used. We all know how much Shakespeare was indebted to the Scriptures, but it will be known but to few that his works were ever thus used as the volume of our sacred law.—J. W. Jarvis, in *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, August 20th, 1886.

SELECTED REPRINTS.

———:o:———

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SHAKESPEARIANA.

———:o:———

PART I.—PROLEGOMENA TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

[*To be continued with Explanatory Notes*]

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life;
O, could he but but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse,
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIRE

OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM,

EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &C., LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTY.

AND

PHILIP

EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, &C., GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAIESTIES BED-CHAMBER, BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant *Shakespeare;* that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM, the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of ycur purses. Well! it is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your brains be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shilling worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade,or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-Pit*, to arraigne Playe daielie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth acquitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, & perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to others of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED.

THE AUTHOR.

Mr. William Shakespeare:

AND

What He Hath Left Us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither *Man*, nor *Muse*, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My *Shakespeare*, rise; I will not lodge the by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with greate, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lily* outshine,
Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line,
And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Paccuvius, *Accius*, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*

sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph my *Britaine*, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme!
Nature herself was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry *Greeke*, tart *Aristophanes*,
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.
For though the *Poets* matter, nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the *Muses* anvile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Look how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of *Shakespeares* minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of *Avon!* what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banks of *Thames*,
That so did take *Eliza* and our *James!*
But stay I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN JONSON.

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